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Inventions in Guinness Time...4

THE BLESSINGS OF PROGRESS

The telephone upon my wall
Will only make an outward call,
And that is why, when people come
To hear it work, its bell is dumb.

(How little do they know the proper
Use for all those miles of copper!
Or guess the reason that I nurture
Such regard for gutta-percha!)

I'm glad to say that I've divined
The use for which it was designed,
So all I ever need to say
Is, "Send a dozen Guinness, pray."

(Occasionally, it is true,
I say "I want what's Good for You.
My meaning isn't hard to tell,
For Guinness always rings the bell.)

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that does justice to you

The most PERSONAL 'mechanism' in the Universe

A man owns nothing more precious than his time, and nothing more personally important than the watch that guards it. Personally important in meeting this requirement for complete efficiency, personally important too in reflecting his good taste — especially as so often consulted in the company of discerning people. In this personal possession above all a man should do himself justice by demanding the perfection of UNIVERSAL-GENEVE. *Featured by leading jewellers in 84 countries.*

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MURIEL PAVLOW IN 'REACH FOR THE SKY'

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A GOOD BRITISH FILM makes a good British export. In these difficult days doubly so. Unlike many other visible exports we don't have to import expensive raw materials before we can export our finished product. We are selling British beauty and British brains.

Of these there is an inexhaustible supply, renewing itself with each new generation. Overseas earnings of British pictures are almost all *IN*come. And these earnings are substantial. *One half of the total film earnings of the Rank Organisation comes from abroad.*

As one example, the Rank Organisation film 'Doctor in the House' has so far been shown in 39 different overseas countries and, with a large part of the world still to play, has already been seen by nearly 16 million people.

Other new British pictures which we hope will do as well, or better, are on their way this year from Pinewood—in all a £3½ million programme of 20 first feature films for the entertainment of world audiences.

Amongst them is 'The Spanish Gardener', a drama set in Spain and starring Dirk Bogarde; 'Reach for the Sky', the story of Douglas Bader, a deathless record of indomitable courage, starring Kenneth More with Muriel Pavlow, the young British actress shown here; and 'The Battle of the River Plate', that brilliant feat of British arms in the darkest days of the war.

But the purpose of this advertisement is not to persuade you to see these pictures, great as we believe them to be. It is to seek your enlight-

ened support for the British film industry as a whole. Only informed public opinion can create the conditions in which our film makers can go on forging ahead. They are doing great things already. They can do more. They can lead the world.

The Rank Organisation plays an important part in this enterprise, but we seek no special privileges. We indulge in no special pleading.

We are film makers. We are showmen. But we are proud of what we make and what we show. We believe we are taking a true picture of British life and character to people all over the world who pay to see our pictures.

Our job is not to preach or proselytise. It is to entertain. But whether we make films of fact or fiction we try to avoid the sham and the shoddy. British films can do more than make money for Britain; they can make friends. Both, we believe, are of paramount importance.

Your encouragement and understanding are the only aids we seek to enlist in our cause.

THE RANK ORGANISATION LIMITED



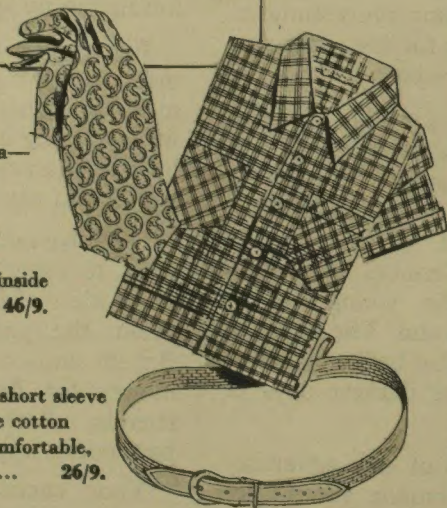


Always make a point
of looking in
Horne Brothers' windows

Here's a most useful and original idea—the novel 'jacket-shirt.' Elasticated sides, long sleeves, three pockets. Pattern: small check—very pleasing. In beige, steel grey, silver grey, rust and green. (It can of course be worn inside the trousers, when preferred). 46/9.

Another splendid holiday shirt is the short sleeve type (with cuffs) made from two-tone cotton check on a white ground. Cool and comfortable, whether worn 'in or out.' ... 26/9.

A pleated, all silk choker, in various patterns from 19/6, is very stylish these days. We also have quite a range of belts—pleated elastic and leather—from 7/-, and cotton beach shorts. Waist-holding, dark blue and with built-in jockey-shorts. Yours for as little as 47/6.

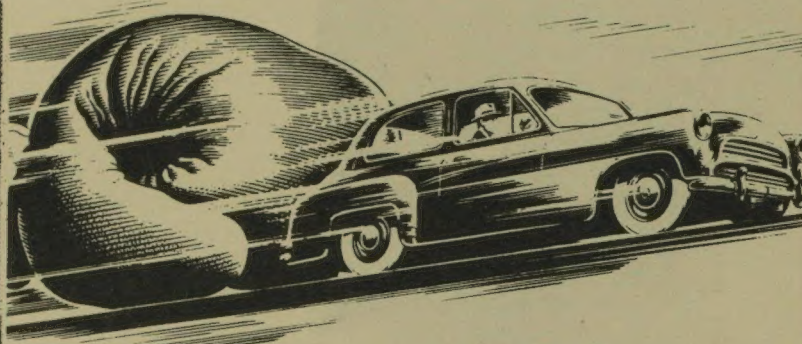


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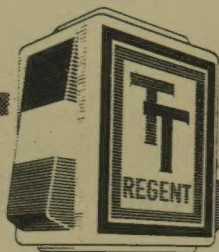
REGENT T.T. AND REGENT BENZOLE MIXTURE *PACK PUNCH!*

**REGENT PETROLS WITH VOLATANE CONTROL
DELIVER FULL-THRUST POWER**

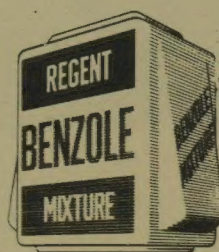
True test of a car's performance is to point its nose at the nearest hill. Feel your car zoom to the top on Regent T.T. or Regent Benzole Mixture. Regent Petrols deliver this full-thrust power because:

- * They are the only petrols refined from the world's highest octane crude, Trinidad crude.
- * They have Volatane Control.

Volatane Control gives you maximum engine performance at all speeds. Instant Starting · Fast Warm-Up · Lightning Acceleration · Maximum Miles to the Gallon.



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T M 22



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Queen Elizabeth II
Motor Car Manufacturers
The Austin Motor Company Limited

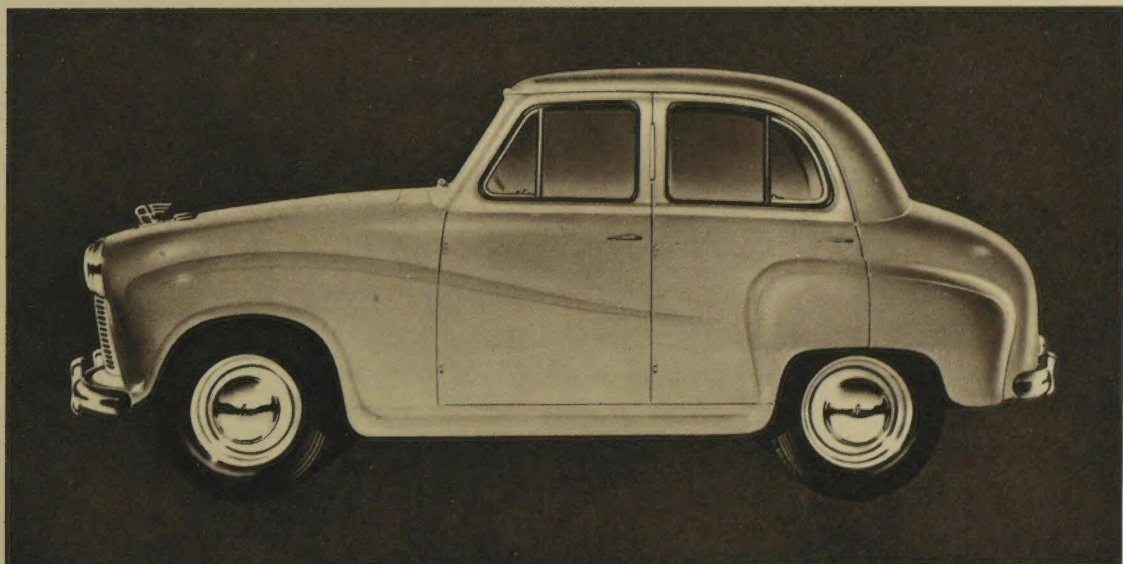


"Saves me pounds on petrol —
my new A.30"

Frankly young Gordon didn't trust his father to choose a car all on his own. So he kept an eye out for all the different makes on the road, read the advertisements, peered into dealers' windows, then came to one firm conclusion. The Austin A.30 was definitely his car. It was a big car for its size ; with big car performance, too. It was obviously child's play to handle and park even in the most crowded areas. And it was, he found out, astonishingly light on petrol. So when he was told that you could buy an A.30 for as little as £541 7s. Gordon had no hesitation in recommending it unreservedly. The best day's work Gordon ever did, admits his father.

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Prices. AUSTIN A.30. 2 door saloon £360 plus £181 7s. P.T. 4 door saloon £381 10s. plus £192 2s. P.T. Also CAMBRIDGE A 40-50. Price from £503 plus £252 17s. P.T. (Optional overdrive available on A.50.) WESTMINSTER A.90 SIX (Optional overdrive available). Price from £600 plus £301 7s. P.T. A.105 Price £739 plus £370 17s. P.T.



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SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1956.



SOVEREIGN OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

On June 18 her Majesty the Queen, Sovereign of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, attended the annual service of the Order at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, at which three Knight Companions—Sir Anthony Eden, Earl Attlee and the Earl of Iveagh, were installed. This striking

photograph of the Queen shows her Majesty wearing the Habit and Ensigns of the Order, which was founded by King Edward III in about 1348. The last installation ceremony held at Windsor was that of Sir Winston Churchill in June 1954. [Photograph by Cecil Beaton.]

Postage—Inland, 3d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d. (These rates apply as The Illustrated London News is registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE British people seem in their history to have been for ever alternating between two points of view. One is the ideal and the other is the practicable. Sometimes they have laid more stress on the ideal and at other times more on the practicable. But their most successful periods have been those in which they have blended them. Being great adepts at the art of eating their cake and having it—until recently, I think, the world's greatest experts at this enviable accomplishment—they have done this surprisingly often. They have trusted in God and kept their powder dry, and their revolutions for the most part have been bloodless affairs which have resulted, after a widening of the base of privilege, in strengthening the stability of the nation and the enjoyment of property. They have built their house on *terra firma*, but they have planted it at the rainbow's foot. As a result, on the whole, God would appear to have confounded their enemies, defended their laws and made their Kings, and particularly their Queens, happy and glorious! It has all been very much as an Englishman feels it should have been! Compare the history of this country with, shall we say, the history of Germany or Poland, and one can see how lucky the English have been. Nor have their Scottish and Welsh neighbours, despite their greater ideological reluctance to compromise, done so badly for themselves. The Irish, like the Kilkenny cats, have perhaps been less fortunate.

Whenever, however, the British people have failed to blend the idealistic and practicable or, as some might say, the business or purely selfish instincts in their nature, they have run, like others, into trouble. When they have been too idealistic, as in their enthusiastic attempt to establish the Kingdom of God by the sword in the middle of the seventeenth century, or when they have been too worldly, as in their pursuit of *laissez faire* or every man's own interest, in the early nineteenth century, unexpected and undesired consequences have followed. Because my own or someone else's great-great-grandfather was too consistent in buying everything—including labour—in the cheapest market and selling it in the dearest, I have had, during most of my working life, to surrender the greater part of my earnings to an over-idealistic State, to be distributed among my less fortunate or less industrious countrymen. It is best in the long run, in other words, to balance the bicycle and keep to the middle of the road! It may not be a road that leads straight to Heaven, but it seems to lead as near as we are likely to get there in this world, mankind and ourselves being what they are.

Apply these idle and frivolous reflections on our history to any of the great problems that face society to-day, and one finds that they are not quite as idle and frivolous as they appear to be. Take, for instance, the vexed and frightening subject of race-prejudice and the colour-bar. Whether one approaches this problem in a wholly idealistic mood or in a wholly what is sometimes called realistic one, one runs into trouble. If one takes the line that though a man has a different coloured face to one's own, he, being one's brother man, must be exactly the same in his capacity and instincts as oneself and should be treated as though he is, one frequently finds that this, in fact, is not so. Human beings, whatever the colour of the skin, are in a large measure the creatures of their history, heredity and environment, and, as a Hottentot tribesman does not possess the same history, heredity and environment as a man of Kent, his reactions to the same events or appeals will probably be different. If, therefore, one acts on the assumption that they will be precisely the same, one will very likely receive an unpleasant shock. But if, on the other hand, one takes the purely realistic and cynical view, that because a Hottentot tribesman happens in some respects to be much nearer the primitive savage of 4000 years ago than his European contemporary, the latter is entitled to treat him for the next 4000 years, or even for ever, as an inferior creature, one will get another kind of shock, and a worse one. For though men are the creatures of their heredity and environment and are to a large extent enchained by them, they are also aspiring creatures who, black or white, have immortal longings and seek to change, and do, in fact, change. It is as great an error—and a greater—to argue that an African tribesman is permanently unfitted to exercise the same political rights and functions as a Londoner or a New Yorker as it is to maintain that because he is a man and a brother he ought to be given those political functions at once. It has taken us centuries to evolve our present system of representative government in this island, and anyone with any knowledge of our history knows that our fifteenth- and sixteenth-century

ancestors would have failed to make our present system work because they were not then sufficiently mature in political experience to be able to do so. This does not mean that they were inferior as human beings to us; the men who could build King's College Chapel and the lovely stone towers of our Perpendicular churches, or write and sing the kind of music that has come down to us from their civilisation of faith and instinct, were certainly not our inferiors. In many ways, I believe, they were much our superiors. But they couldn't have made our political system of universal suffrage work, and for that reason had to live under another and less libertarian one. The same is probably true of most, though not all, Africans to-day. This doesn't mean that it will take the African as long to achieve a full and ordered democratic society as it has taken the Englishman; when a thing has been done once, it becomes easier to do again, for men can learn by example and from one another's experience. But it does mean that the process of evolution and education cannot be skipped altogether.

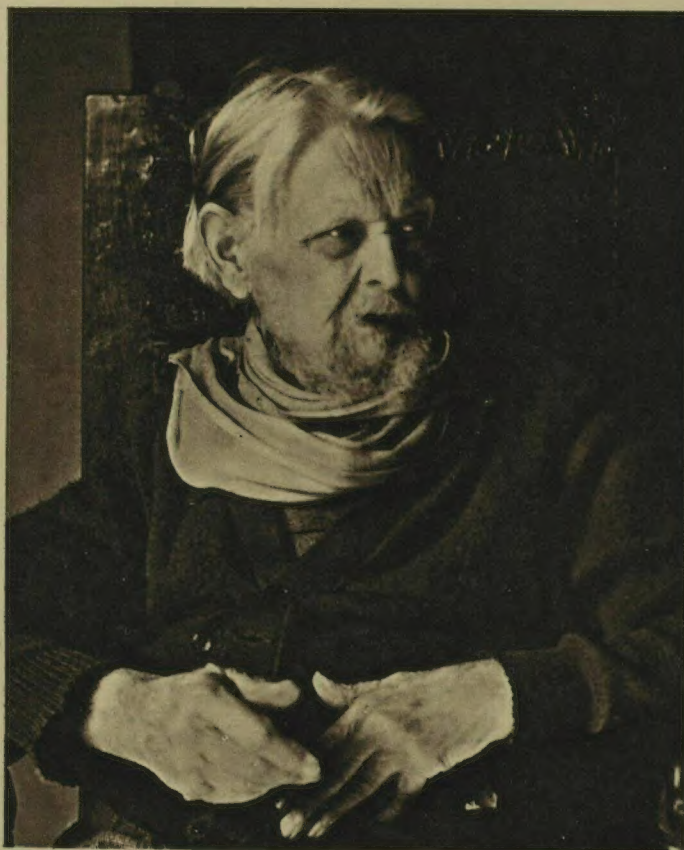
It is the recognition of this truth that makes the philosophy and work

of the Capricorn Africa Society so interesting to anyone with any knowledge of our history, and so full of hope, as I think, for the human future. This Society was founded in 1949 in Southern Rhodesia by a group of far-sighted men and women of British, African and Asian race who wished to render compatible the co-existence of the Christian and civilised values which, with much else that is bad, European colonisation has brought to Africa with the development of democratic self-government and majority rule for all Africans regardless of race. The Society has grown steadily and rapidly and to-day numbers adherents in each of the six British-ruled countries of Capricorn Africa—Southern and Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, Tanganyika, Kenya and Uganda. About half its members are Africans (using the word in its narrower racial sense), a third European, and the remainder Asiatic and Arab. In the words of Dr. J. H. Oldham's remarkable book, "New Hope in Africa," Capricorn Africa Society, or C.A.S. as it is called, "is based on the belief that 'all men, despite their varying talents, are born equal in dignity before God and have a common duty to one another.' Its members are committed to the uncompromising acceptance of two purposes. The first is the establishment of a society in which there will be no discrimination on racial grounds, opportunity will be open to all, and human capacity and merit will be the only criteria for responsible participation in public affairs. The second purpose, equally important, is to maintain and make effective the cultural, moral and spiritual standards of civilisation. By those of European descent and by many Africans these will be understood in the light of the best that has been achieved in western Christian civilisation. But as a new and distinctive civilisation progressively takes shape on African soil, it will undoubtedly be enriched by the contributions of other great religious and cultural traditions, such as those of Hinduism and Islam, as well as indigenous African ways of life and thought. It is believed that whole-hearted commitment to the double objective will evoke a common African patriotism, which all races alike can share and serve, and which will in turn make possible the achievement of the dual purpose."*

The Society is meeting this month at Salima, in Nyasaland, and issuing to the world a Contract which sets out its aims, and a constitutional programme whose adoption its members are seeking to achieve in the territories in which they live. It is so original and so interesting that I should like to discuss it on this page and hope in due course to do so. But what particularly interests me about it is that it takes its stand on the dual ground of right and expediency. It is this combination that makes it, as a portent, so much more hopeful for mankind than the narrow and selfish racialism of one section of the European minority in Africa and the equally narrow and selfish racialism which it is bound to evoke, and is evoking, among those—the vast majority of Africans—whose human dignity has been affronted by the monstrous doctrine it has proclaimed. To that doctrine the words enshrined in the Capricorn Contract are the true answer, alike for African, European and Asian. "We believe that our purpose of uniting the black, the white and the brown man in one patriotism and in one citizenship has the power to provide the stability essential to the orderly development of Africa, and thereby to achieve the happiness and prosperity of its peoples."

* "New Hope in Africa." By J. H. Oldham. (Longmans.) Pages 14-15.

THE DEATH OF SIR FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A.



AT HIS HOME AT DITCHLING, SUSSEX: SIR FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A., THE FAMOUS ARTIST, WHO DIED ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 11, AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY-NINE.

From a camera portrait by Allan B. Chappelow.

Frank William Brangwyn, who was Welsh by extraction and a Roman Catholic in religion, was born on May 13, 1867, in Bruges, where his father, an ecclesiastical architect, was then working. As a young boy he worked first at the Victoria and Albert and later making cartoons for textiles for William Morris. After a period at sea as a cabin-boy, he became an artist of rapidly increasing scope and power. Shortly after the 1914-18 war he was easily the best-known British artist; and murals by him appear in many buildings in this country and on the other side of the Atlantic. He practised nearly all the visual arts, even including architecture. There is a Brangwyn Museum in Bruges; and in 1947 a museum devoted to his work and that of Count Albert de Belleruche was opened in Orange, in France, in a house given by Count William de Belleruche. In 1952 he was given the honour, unique then for a living artist, of a retrospective exhibition in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy.

stitutional programme whose adoption its members are seeking to achieve in the territories in which they live. It is so original and so interesting that I should like to discuss it on this page and hope in due course to do so. But what particularly interests me about it is that it takes its stand on the dual ground of right and expediency. It is this combination that makes it, as a portent, so much more hopeful for mankind than the narrow and selfish racialism of one section of the European minority in Africa and the equally narrow and selfish racialism which it is bound to evoke, and is evoking, among those—the vast majority of Africans—whose human dignity has been affronted by the monstrous doctrine it has proclaimed. To that doctrine the words enshrined in the Capricorn Contract are the true answer, alike for African, European and Asian. "We believe that our purpose of uniting the black, the white and the brown man in one patriotism and in one citizenship has the power to provide the stability essential to the orderly development of Africa, and thereby to achieve the happiness and prosperity of its peoples."



(Above.) A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PROCESSION MAKING ITS WAY FROM ST. GEORGE'S HALL, THROUGH THE CASTLE WARDS, TO THE CHAPEL OF ST. GEORGE.

THE QUEEN and the Duke of Edinburgh, with other members of the Royal family, attended the service in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on June 18, at which Sir Anthony Eden, the Prime Minister; the Earl of Iveagh and Earl Attlee were installed as Knight Companions of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. Earlier the three new Garter Knights had been invested by the Queen at a Chapter of the Order in the Throne Room of Windsor Castle. After a luncheon given by the Queen in the Waterloo Chamber, the procession was led by Lord Freyberg, V.C., the Deputy Constable and Lieutenant Governor of the Castle, from St. George's Hall to the Chapel of St. George for the service of installation, which was watched from a gallery by the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne.



ACCOMPANIED BY SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL: THE THREE NEW KNIGHT COMPANIONS OF THE ORDER WALKING IN THE PROCESSION.



SOVEREIGN OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN THE PROCESSION.

HISTORIC PAGEANTRY AT WINDSOR: THREE KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER INSTALLED BY THE QUEEN.

ROYAL OCCASIONS IN SWEDEN AND BRITAIN; AND THE WINDSOR-CHISWICK MARATHON RACE.



IN STOCKHOLM: PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE EQUESTRIAN OLYMPIC GAMES WITH PRINCE BERTIL OF SWEDEN, THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER IS BEHIND.



IN THE GOLDEN CHAMBER OF THE CITY HALL IN STOCKHOLM: THE QUEEN WITH KING GUSTAF OF SWEDEN AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL PARTY.

On June 15 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended the ball of the Order of the Amarant, Sweden's oldest order of knighthood, in the City Hall in Stockholm. The photograph (above, right) shows (l. to r.) the Duke of Edinburgh (fifth from end), Queen Louise of Sweden, Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, H.M. the Queen, King Gustaf of Sweden, Princess Josephine Charlotte of Luxembourg, Crown Prince Olav of Norway, Princess Margaret and the Duke of Gloucester.

(RIGHT.) WITH THE QUEEN'S HORSE WHICH TOOK PART IN THE THREE-DAY OLYMPIC EQUESTRIAN EVENT: HER MAJESTY (LEFT) AND PRINCESS MARGARET WITH COUNTRYMAN IN STOCKHOLM.



(RIGHT.) HOME FROM SWEDEN: HER MAJESTY (RIGHT) WITH PRINCESS MARGARET AND THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER ARRIVING AT LONDON AIRPORT IN A B.E.A. VISCOUNT.



(Left.) PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT STARTING THE MARATHON RACE FROM WINDSOR CASTLE ON JUNE 16. THERE WERE 158 ENTRANTS FOR THE 26 MILES 385 YARDS RACE.

The annual Polytechnic Harriers' marathon race from Windsor Castle to Chiswick Stadium was started this year by Princess Alexandra of Kent. The race, which was run in rain, had attracted 158 entrants; and the winner, R. S. Clark, of Herne Hill Harriers, a London shipping clerk, who was running in the race for the first time, won in good shape and in a time which has only been beaten by J. H. Peters among British athletes. F. Norris, of Bolton United Harriers, was second, A. P. Keily, of Derby and County Harriers, third.



THE WINNER OF THE WINDSOR-CHISWICK MARATHON RACE: MR. R. S. CLARK, OF HERNE HILL HARRIERS, ENTERING CHISWICK STADIUM TO WIN BY ABOUT A LAP IN THE FAST TIME OF 2 HOURS 20 MINS. 15.8 SECS.

OLYMPIC EQUESTRIAN EVENTS: SOME WINNING RIDERS IN STOCKHOLM.



THE GRAND PRIX DE DRESSAGE: MEMBERS OF THE GERMAN TEAM, SECOND IN THE TEAM EVENT, RECEIVING THEIR SILVER MEDALS.



INDIVIDUAL MEDALLISTS IN THE GRAND PRIX DE DRESSAGE: MAJOR HENRI ST. CYR (CENTRE), OF SWEDEN (1ST); MRS. LIZ HARTEL (LEFT), OF DENMARK (2ND), AND MISS L. LINESENHOFF, OF GERMANY (3RD).



WINNERS OF THE THREE-DAY EVENT: THE BRITISH TEAM (1ST.); THE GERMAN TEAM (LEFT; 2ND.) AND CANADIAN TEAM (RIGHT; 3RD.)



COMPETING IN THE GRAND PRIX JUMPING: MISS PAT SMYTHE, OF BRITAIN, TAKING A FENCE ON FLANAGAN. BRITAIN FINISHED THIRD.



(Left.) AFTER THEIR GREAT VICTORY IN THE THREE-DAY EQUESTRIAN EVENT: THE BRITISH TEAM (L. TO R.)—MAJOR A. L. ROOK WITH *WILD VENTURE*, MR. A. E. HILL WITH *COUNTRYMAN* AND LIEUT.-COL. F. WELDON (CAPTAIN) WITH *KILBARRY*.

(Right.) WINNER OF THE INDIVIDUAL GOLD MEDAL, IN THE JUMPING PHASE OF THE THREE-DAY EQUESTRIAN EVENT: P. KASTENMAN, OF SWEDEN, ON *ILLUSTER*. LIEUT.-COLONEL WELDON (GREAT BRITAIN) WAS THIRD ON *KILBARRY*.



The equestrian events of the Olympic Games were held in Stockholm from June 11 to 17. On June 14 Britain won a resounding victory in the three-day equestrian event and gained a gold medal. The team was Major A. L. Rook on Mr. E. Marsh's *Wild Venture*, Mr. A. E. Hill on her Majesty's *Countryman* and Lieut.-Colonel F. Weldon on his *Kilbarry*. Germany was second in the team event and Canada third. Lieut.-Colonel Frank Weldon gained a bronze medal in the individual event. P. Kastenman, of Sweden, was first and A. Lütke-Westhues, of Germany, second. Both the team and individual

gold medals in the Grand Prix de Dressage were won by Sweden. Germany was second and Switzerland third in the team event. In the Show-Jumping Grand Prix des Nations Great Britain failed to repeat their Helsinki success and they finished third in the team contest. Germany were the winners, with Italy in second place. Hans Winkler, of Germany, on *Halla* won the individual gold medal. The Equestrian Olympic Games were watched throughout the week by H.M. the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Margaret and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester.



AFTER OPENING THE V.C. EXHIBITION: SIR ANTHONY EDEN WITH THE ANTI-TANK GUN MANNED IN NORTH AFRICA IN 1942 BY PRIVATE A. H. WAKENSHAW, V.C.

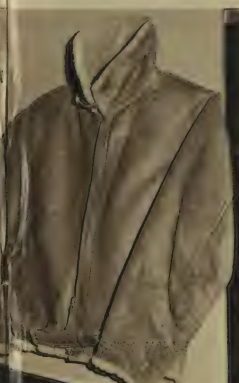


1856-1956: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE VICTORIA CROSS CENTENARY EXHIBITION WHICH IS BEING HELD AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE UNTIL JULY 7.

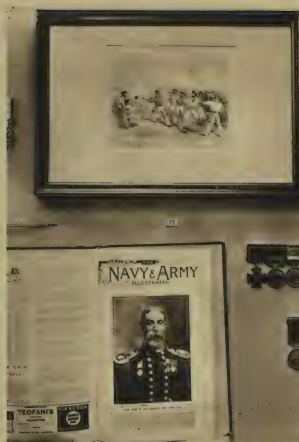
ENSHRINING A NOBLE COMPANY OF HEROES: THE V.C. CENTENARY EXHIBITION IN LONDON.



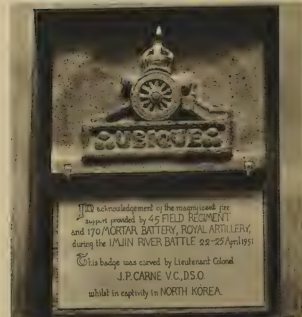
THE V.C. AND MEDALS OF FLIGHT-LIEUT. J. B. NICOLSON, R.A.F., AND THE SHOE ATTACHED A GERMAN BOMBER IN 1940.



THE FIRST RECIPIENT OF THE V.C.: LIEUTENANT (LATER REAR-ADMIRAL) C. D. LUCAS, R.N., WHO WON IT AT BOMARSUND IN 1854.



THE ACTUAL UNIFORM WORN BY QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE FIRST V.C. PRESENTATION PARADE ON JUNE 26, 1857.



MADE BY LIEUT.-COLONEL J. P. CARNE, V.C., DURING HIS IMPRISONMENT IN NORTH KOREA: A STONE CARVING OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY BADGE.



THE NERY GUN: A GUN OF "L" BATTERY, ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY. CAPTAIN E. K. BRADBURY, BATTERY SERGEANT-MAJOR G. T. DORRELL, AND SERGEANT D. NELSON, WON THE V.C. AT NERY 1914.



THE MEDIUM "A" TANK "CESAR" IN WHICH LIEUTENANT C. H. SEWELL WON HIS POSTHUMOUS V.C. AT FREMICOURT, FRANCE, ON AUGUST 29, 1918. THIS TANK STANDS IN THE COURTYARD OF THE EXHIBITION.



THE ACTUAL DISGUISE WHICH MR. T. H. KAVANAGH, V.C., OF THE BENGAL CIVIL SERVICE, WORE TO PENETRATE THE REBEL DEFENCES IN LUCKNOW DURING THE INDIAN MUTINY.



SOUVENIRS OF SOME OF THE EARLIEST HOLDERS OF THE V.C.: CLOTHING, MEDALS, PHOTOGRAPHS AND OTHER MEMENTOES OF VALOUR.

before her death. The exhibition is to be open daily from 9.20 a.m. to 6 p.m. (and until 8 p.m. on Wednesdays and Thursdays), except on Sundays, when it will be open from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. It is to continue until July 7. Altogether there are some 1000 exhibits which range from the tank (in the courtyard) in which Lieutenant C. H. Sewell won his posthumous V.C. at Frencourt in 1918, to a tie-pin bearing a miniature V.C. which was presented to a holder of the Cross after the Indian Mutiny. The exhibition, organised by an Inter-Services Committee, has received support from museums, institutions and individual sources and also includes a number of reconstructions and

THE Prime Minister, Sir Anthony Eden, opened the Victoria Cross Centenary Exhibition on June 15. On this page we show some of the remarkable souvenirs, which are included in this exhibition which honours the most coveted decoration in the world, and the gallant men who have won it. By gracious permission of H.M. the Queen, this unique exhibition is being held in Marlborough House, London, which was the home of Queen Mary for a number of years



HOW THE V.C. IS MADE: A DISPLAY OF THE TOOLS AND METALS CURRENTLY USED IN THE MAKING OF THE DECORATION BY MESSRS. HANCOCK, THE LONDON JEWELLERS, WHO HAVE MADE THE CROSS FROM THE FIRST.



VICTORIA CROSS SOUVENIRS OF THE KOREAN WAR: LIEUT.-COLONEL J. P. CARNE'S PHOTOGRAPH AND CITATION, A COMMUNIST BUGLE, AND THE BADGE (LEFT) CARVED BY COLONEL CARNE DURING HIS IMPRISONMENT.



THE V.C. AND OTHER DECORATIONS WON BY CAPTAIN D. M. PROBYN FOR ACTS OF BRAVERY DURING THE INDIAN MUTINY. HE LATER BECAME THE FAMOUS GENERAL SIR DIGTON PROBYN. Drawings lent by *The Illustrated London News* of actions which won V.C.s. A number of the exhibits are links with great deeds which are shown on other pages in this issue. One of these is the actual disguise worn by Mr. Kavanagh when he penetrated the rebel defences at Lucknow during the Indian Mutiny. This has been lent by the Royal United Services Institution.

THE TRAGIC SINKING OF R.M.S. TITANIC.

"A NIGHT TO REMEMBER" By WALTER LORD.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

FORTY-FOUR years have passed since the "unsinkable" White Star liner *Titanic* slowly sank in the North Atlantic, carrying 1500 souls with her. This means that few people under fifty will now retain a memory of the way in which the dreadful news percolated into the public mind on both sides of the Atlantic, not merely shocking, but almost stunning. I remember where I was, and with whom I was staying, when the news came through in dribbles. Each day produced fresh news; each day we hoped that one more boat might have been picked up; the modern "wireless" didn't exist. We all knew people in the ship; we all hoped that our friends might have survived. Our friends didn't survive and that was that. Mr. Lord has now done a post-mortem.

Mr. Lord has done his job well, and has taken great pains (and twenty years) collecting and piecing together his evidence. But let not the reader expect a piece of dramatic and sustained historical writing. Mr. Lord's approach and style are both purely journalistic. We are given early foreshadowings of this. The publishers, on the fly-leaf of the jacket, state: "Without doubt this is one of the great news-stories of modern history and it has found its true chronicler in Walter Lord, who has made a 'scoop'—four decades after the event." And Mr. Lord in his brief introduction tells us that the ship's cargo "included a priceless copy of 'The Rubá'iyát' of Omar Khayyám and a list of passengers collectively worth 250 million dollars."

This sort of thing, I must confess, slightly disgusts me. If ghastly calamities are "news-stories," we have not been short of them in our time. The Armenian Massacres made first-class news-stories, as also the earthquakes at Messina, and the sinking of the *Lusitania* made an even more sensational "story" than that of the earlier ship, because she was sent to the bottom not by a stray and senseless tin-opener of an iceberg but by deliberate human agency. Great news-stories, in fact, have been common throughout human history. I don't know who first "scooped" the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, but there is one remarkable parallel to Mr. Lord's achievement. Defoe, "four decades after," or thereabouts, retold the story of the Great Plague of London: the author of "Robinson Crusoe," as he would, made his narrative so utterly plausible that it is difficult, as one reads him, to believe that he never saw the red crosses on the stricken doors, or heard the circulating corpse-carriers mechanically booming "Bring out your Dead."

"Defoe, who, as a reporter of things seen, merely heard of or wholly invented, has never been excelled," made a literary masterpiece out of his news-story, though he was never acquainted with the word "scoop," except, perhaps, as applied to an implement in a grocer's shop. But Defoe was a story-teller. Modern "news-stories" are not told by story-tellers, but by young men who are accustomed to rushing to telephones or telegraph office and jerking out, as rapidly and laconically as possible, as many facts, rumours, and statements by "sources" and "spokesmen," as they can. Mr. Lord writes rather as one of these than as an artist. He has to crowd in every piece of evidence from survivors which he is able to collect. The result is that no coherent picture of the tragedy is left in one's mind. There is insufficient selection.

Perhaps, when there is no longer a single "survivor" surviving, some later chronicler may retell the tale. If one does, he will find Mr. Lord's assembly of evidence invaluable: Mr. Lord will have been the hodsman who has carried the bricks

for the architect who designs and erects the edifice, and may even discard some of the bricks. That the story will be told again I don't doubt. It isn't a question of the number of dead. The story of Thermopylae, a few hundreds against countless thousands—"The Spartans on the seawet rock sat down and combed their hair"—will be told, as long as civilisation exists, for the edification and fortification of the young—but I can't conceive anybody making a song or an epical book out of Passchendaele, where men were shot, wounded, or drowned in mud by the hundreds of thousands. It is not the scale of the disaster which makes for abiding recollection, but the human qualities, revealed and recorded, and the ironies of circumstances.

When the next, and perhaps last, teller of this tale arrives he will set aside a great many of Mr. Lord's details. He will concentrate, like a Greek dramatist, on the major tragic elements of the tale. Off sailed the majestic, and deemed invulnerable, ship on her maiden voyage. She got among the ice. Her wireless operator was too busy sending frivolous messages from passengers to

outstanding personal achievements. The captain went down with his ship, and rumour has it that he floated up to a boat, clutched his hands on the rim of it, and said, "Good-bye." And somebody, aware of the end, went below to get into a dinner-jacket, so as to face his Maker as a gentleman.

My memory of those crowded reports is that a Mr. and Mrs. Strauss (my memory is that he was the Milk-King of Chicago) swore that

they would never part, went down to their cabins, and then came up, he in his dinner-jacket and she in her best dress and a diamond necklace. Mr. Lord mentions the fact that Mrs. Strauss refused, though death awaited her, to leave her husband: but the dressing-for-dinner act he transfers to Mr. Guggenheim and his valet. I wasn't there: nor was Mr. Lord: I must accept his evidence. But I do remember that a young friend of mine (and even then there were young sceptics about all good things) said, "It's just play-acting"—as though even the most conceited people (Hitler always excepted) would play-act in front of the dark and advancing auditorium of death.

What I do feel sure about is that the future historian of this supremely tragic event will not lay emphasis on the fact that the list of passengers was "collectively worth 250 million dollars." There are old sayings: "You can't take it with you," and "There are no pockets in a shroud." I doubt if the Astors, Guggenheims and Strausses who went down into the bitter waters thought of their bank-balances. They wanted to live and, if they couldn't live, to die honourably.

This they most of them did. Mr. Lord, like the reporters of the day, suggests that some people, in boats half-full, insisted that their boats should row away from drowning and appealing people. He even suggests that a young man got into a boat disguised as a woman. That I know no more about than he. The report at the time was that the ship's inadequate boats were launched and populated in a very higgledy-piggledy way.

The sea was smooth: the ice was all around: within ten miles there was a liner which could have saved them all. There was another liner, the *Carpathia*, which came to the rescue: too late to save the people who never got into a boat, but in time to collect, warm, and fortify the one-third of the *Titanic's* human cargo who had managed, in that calm sea, to get into a boat. Since that disaster how much has happened. Deaths of friends, deaths of sons, the end of almost everything for which one has cared. Belsen, Buchenwald, Stalingrad: every sort of horror. But the heroism of most of the crew and the passengers of the *Titanic* still shines as a beacon.

At the time it was reported that the band went down playing "Nearer, my God, to Thee," which seems to me not merely likely but appropriate. The investigating Mr. Lord says that they were playing a tune called "Autumn." Be that as it may, they went gallantly down.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 794 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. WALTER LORD.

Mr. Walter Lord, who is a graduate of Princeton University and Yale Law School, was in England during the war working for the American Intelligence Service. He is the author of a number of books for businessmen, and also of "The Fremantle Diary," the story of an officer in the Guards who toured the Confederate States during the American Civil War.



AFTER THE ORDER "ALL MEN STAND BACK AWAY FROM THE BOATS. ALL LADIES RETIRE TO THE NEXT DECK BELOW": WOMEN ENTERING A LIFEBOAT FROM "B" DECK OF DOOMED TITANIC.

Drawn by James Daugherty, one of our special artists in New York, from material supplied by Mr. Frederick M. Hoyt, a survivor. It is reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of May 4, 1912, and does not appear in the book under review.

their friends ashore to take any notice of ice-warnings from a liner only ten miles off, which should have had plenty of time to take everybody off the *Titanic*. The night and the water were bitterly cold. The ship (had fewer watertight-compartments been sliced open, she could have remained afloat) took an unconscionable time a-sinking, as Charles II, in his own language, took a-dying. A ship's officer made coffee. There were too few boats, and those that got away were only half-loaded, and there was a little, though not much, scrambling on the part of people who wanted to save their lives. But there were

* "A Night to Remember." By Walter Lord. Illustrated. (Longmans; 16s.)

THE PROGRESS OF THE SECOND *MAYFLOWER*: BUILDING THE SHIP AND SETTING THE STAGE.



RECALLING THE DAYS OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS: GIRLS DRESSED AS PURITAN MAIDENS BESIDE THE THATCHED PILGRIMS' HOUSE AT BRIXHAM.



WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE BUILDING OF THE 183-TON REPLICA OF THE SHIP IN WHICH THE PILGRIM FATHERS SAILED FROM PLYMOUTH IN 1620. THE COMPLETED SHIP WILL BE A GIFT TO THE UNITED STATES.



A SCALE MODEL OF THE ORIGINAL *MAYFLOWER*, BUILT BY MR. WILLIAM A. BAKER, NAVAL ARCHITECT OF THE BETHLEHEM STEEL CORPORATION, U.S.A.—HERE PHOTOGRAPHED BESIDE THE HARBOUR AT BRIXHAM.



SHIPWRIGHTS WORKING BELOW DECK FITTING "KNEES" IN *MAYFLOWER II*, IN UPHAM'S SHIPYARD, IN THE SOUTH DEVON PORT OF BRIXHAM, IN READINESS FOR THE TRANSATLANTIC VOYAGE.

We reproduce here photographs showing the up-to-date progress in the building of *Mayflower II* in Upham's Shipyard, Brixham, Devon. It will be recalled that this vessel is a 183-ton replica of the *Mayflower* in which the Pilgrim Fathers sailed from Plymouth in 1620 to make a new life, and, indeed, a new civilisation, in New England. The plans of the original vessel were reconstructed by Mr. W. A. Baker, an American naval architect of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation of the U.S.A.; and the present vessel is being

built by English craftsmen at Upham's Shipyard, the cost being borne in England by a voluntary organisation to foster Anglo-American relations with a gift of this nature to the American people. It was originally understood that the project would appeal for public support, but in April it appeared that the whole sum had already been subscribed from private sources. *Mayflower II*, captained by that famous sailor, Commander Alan J. Villiers, is expected to make the voyage to America in due course with a volunteer crew.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER is the most important figure in the world. That is not to say that he is the greatest man in the world. No one would be more astonished and amused if such a claim were lodged on his behalf. On the other hand, it does not mean merely that his extraordinary position is due to the fact that he is President of the United States. Any and every President must occupy a seat on the heights to-day, but "Ike" is "Ike"; there is no other on the horizon and there may never be another. He is encompassed by the warm air of an affection such as has been seldom given to an individual. He is deeply trusted. Multitudes regard him as their champion against the dangers which beset the world. His very foibles have become part of his assets. For almost any other man this supreme trust, almost adulation, would represent a peril. He is saved from the risk by common sense, by humility, and by humour.

He was a slow starter in office. At the outset many observers—fewer in his own country than abroad, but a fair proportion of Americans also—felt that he might have taken on more than he had realised and that what he found himself facing was causing him to falter. This impression passed quickly. America and the world began to see that there was much more than met the eye in his shrewd, quiet, often apparently naïve methods. He is not, of course, what the millions of his admirers take him to be. What public hero is? Yet the "brittle intellectuals" who gibe at him, in private if not in public, because he cannot analyse his impressions as they can are farther from understanding him than are the millions. He is a much more formidable personality than the eggheads take him to be. In any event, I believe that the great tend to approximate, for good or ill, to the figures that public opinion makes of them.

It was assumed by everyone—well, by everyone except those clever, clever, people who assured me in Washington on the eve of the last presidential election that the Republican cause would collapse in ruin—that a second term was a foregone conclusion. His severe heart attack thus changed the domestic political outlook completely, with incalculable consequences for the outside world. He made a good recovery and announced that he would stand again for President if his health continued to justify such a course. His prospects were somewhat weakened because many warm admirers doubted the wisdom of his decision, but there seemed no good reason to suppose that he would fail to gain a comfortable victory, provided his health remained good.

His sudden second illness and the intestinal operation carried out on Saturday, June 9, came as a sharp shock. The bulletins were reassuring. It was established that the two illnesses had no connection and that the President's heart had not been affected by the operation. Yet, even assuming that physically the President is as suitable a candidate for a second term as he appeared to be on the evening of June 7, the psychological effect of what has occurred is certain to be far-reaching. Its first impact on opinion in the United States may prove less important than that on the mind

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

of President Eisenhower himself. He is a conscientious man. He has solemnly pledged himself not to stand unless he feels himself competent to perform the duties of the office as effectively as a present-day President should.

The whole political situation, a settled affair before the heart attack and gradually coming, once more, to be regarded as such until the announcement of the second illness, has become at a stroke open and uncertain. It is now not merely a question of whether Eisenhower will be President, but one of whether any Republican

in the United States, as would any challenge to Eisenhower; it would be a particularly difficult offensive for Stevenson—as an outsider, ignorant of the niceties and mysteries of American politics, I should have thought more difficult than for Harriman. There seems to be hardly anything in Stevensonian politics that is not to be found

bigger and better in those of the present occupant of the White House. Governor Harriman would at least introduce an interesting left-wing element. Stevenson is moderate, cautious, honourable, choosing the middle road and walking in the very middle of that. But Eisenhower is, and does, all these things, with so much more.

On the other hand, Stevenson, with no Eisenhower to face, would be very much to be reckoned with. The United States has been moving in the Democratic direction, and on the whole seems content with the sort of Democrat policy which Stevenson represents.

The primary in California has, one must suppose, done a good deal to restore the damage to his prestige inflicted in the last presidential election, which had been increased by rebuffs in the early part of his present campaign. And, according to the army of correspondents which descended on California, he has shown himself capable of making a more powerful and more emotional appeal than before, and has got rid of the earlier staleness.

The powers of the President of the United States never cease to astonish Europeans, and not only those who are citizens of democratic countries. They seem to be dangerously great. Yet there is little sign that they are held to be out of date by the American people. In fact, a number of thoughtful and non-partisan Americans have, of late, voiced their regret that under Eisenhower the Presidency has tended to assume the static rôle of an umpire. If this has been so, it has been more apparent to them than to us on the eastern side of the Atlantic, but the very fact that the comment has been made in such a quarter testifies to the belief that the old presidential system has been satisfactory and ought to be preserved in all its purity. All that need be said here of Mr. Adlai Stevenson is that he seems qualified to be an active and dynamic President, besides possessing intellectual qualities which, without the other asset, would be useless and even a handicap.

At home I have heard it suggested that some over-riding moral obligation to retire from the conflict has now been laid upon President Eisenhower. I confess I see no reason, irrespective of his health, why he ought to do so. The old pledge stands. He will not go forward unless he believes he is fit for the task. It seems to me too fanciful and metaphysical to assert that, even supposing his operation has not made him less physically fit—and it may indeed have made him fitter—there is some moral consideration which should induce him to withdraw. I write very shortly after the event and there may be further developments before these lines are read, so I shall leave the question there. All I need do at the moment is what so many others are doing: wish good fortune to this great and beloved figure.



SEVERING THE LINK WITH EGYPT: THE LAST BRITISH SOLDIER TO LEAVE EGYPT, BRIGADIER J. H. S. LACEY, O.B.E., STEPPING INTO A LAUNCH IN PORT SAID ON JUNE 13.

The British military connection with Egypt, which has continued unbroken since 1882, was finally ended with the evacuation of the last rearguard to Cyprus on June 13, five days before the expiration of the period for withdrawal agreed in 1954. Shortly after the handing over at Navy House, Brigadier J. H. S. Lacey, O.B.E., the last to leave, boarded a launch in Port Said harbour at 6.30 a.m. which took him to the L.S.T. *Evan Gibb*, which was to take the party of 11 officers and 68 other ranks to Cyprus.

can hope to be. It so chanced that, a matter of hours before the President was taken ill, Mr. Adlai Stevenson had shaken off the challenge of Senator Kefauver in the Californian primary. It is probable, though not certain, that he will be the Democratic candidate, whoever the Republican may be. He is more likely to be chosen now than when he triumphed in the primary because he is more formidable against any Republican other than Eisenhower than he is against Eisenhower himself.

Stevenson versus Eisenhower would mean not only a Democratic assault on the most popular man



THE SUBJECT OF MUCH POLITICAL AND COMMERCIAL DISCUSSION : A VIEW OF THE TRINIDAD OIL COMPANY'S REFINERIES AT POINTE-A-PIERRE, TRINIDAD, LOOKING SOUTH-WEST TOWARDS VENEZUELA.

The oil industry in Trinidad was started before the First World War and since then has developed into the island's major industry, accounting for about one-third of the country's total income, and three-quarters of its exports, and making it the wealthiest island in the British Caribbean. The Trinidad Oil Company employs about half the total labour force in the oilfield, and the rest are shared between about a dozen other companies. The purchase by

the Texas Oil Company is thus of the deepest interest to the island population and to the other members of the British Caribbean Federation. Two of the latest developments are the installation at Pointe-a-Pierre (which is both a port and a refinery centre, standing some miles away from the oilfield itself) of the catalytic cracker which is capable of producing the best aviation spirit, and the experimental drilling being carried out some miles out to sea.

Photograph by courtesy of the Trinidad Oil Company.



THE TRINIDAD OIL COMPANY'S FIRST WELL: "HELENA," WHERE DRILLING BEGAN IN 1914. THE WELL IS AT FOREST RESERVE, IN SOUTH-WEST TRINIDAD.

THE TRINIDAD OILFIELD—FOR WHICH AN "TAKE-OVER" BID: SCENES AND EQUIP-



FOR MEASURING AND SENDING CRUDE OIL TO STORAGE: AN AUTOMATIC DEVICE REPLACING THE DIP-STICK AND HAND-CONTROLLED PUMPS.

WIDESPREAD interest has been aroused by the Trinidad Oil Deal—the Texas Oil Company's offer to buy all the issued Ordinary Stock of the Trinidad Oil Company, which has now received Cabinet approval subject to certain conditions. The chief advantage of the deal is that the American company could make a much greater investment in Trinidad than is possible in sterling. But this possible benefit for the island is opposed by the considerations concerning other effects which might result from the take-over, and these fears are reflected in the conditions. The importance of these possible effects is heightened by the fact that Trinidad, the richest of the islands in the British Caribbean, obviously has a leading part to play in the British Caribbean federation. Apart from the possible advantages of the deal to Trinidad there is the wider consideration that to prevent dollar investment in the sterling area in this case would be likely to have an adverse effect on the important British effort to build up investments in dollar areas. The Trinidad

(Continued opposite.)



PROVIDING WORK AND GOOD WAGES: THE TRINIDAD OIL INDUSTRY EMPLOYS SOME 20,000 WORKERS. SOME ARE HERE SEEN MAKING A NEW ROAD.



REMINISCENT OF MODERN ABSTRACT ART: A "CHRISTMAS TREE," OR WELL CONTROL HEAD. THIS ELABORATE VALVE GEAR IS MADE NECESSARY BY THE GREAT PRESSURE OF THE OIL.

AMERICAN COMPANY MADE A £63,000,000 MENT IN THE WEST INDIAN ISLAND.



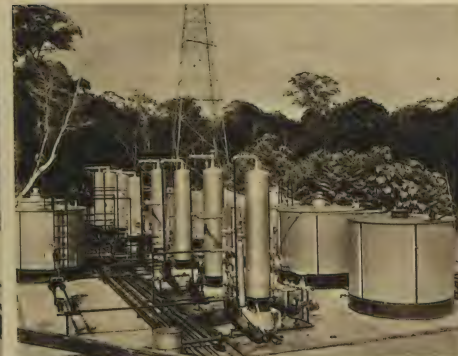
DETERMINING THE DEPTH OF OIL: MEN USING AN ECHOMETER, WHICH WORKS BY MEANS OF SCIENTIFICALLY RECORDED SOUND WAVES AND ECHOES.



A CENTRAL MUD PLANT: SPECIAL MUD FLUIDS ARE CONSTANTLY CIRCULATED IN WELLS BEING DRILLED TO REMOVE WASTE AND SEAL IN THE OIL UNDER PRESSURE.



REPLACING THE "CHRISTMAS TREE": WHEN THE OIL CEASES TO FLOW UNDER ITS OWN PRESSURE IT IS EITHER ARTIFICIALLY SIPHONED OUT OR, AS HERE, RAISED BY A PUMP.



THE FIRST STAGE IN REFINING: CRUDE OIL CONTAINS USEFUL GASES WHICH ARE SEPARATED AT THE OIL- AND GAS-GATHERING STATION.

Continued] Company's chairman described the conditions suggested by the Cabinet as normal and reasonable, and thought they would be quite acceptable to the Texas Company, but at the time of writing the final result remained to be seen. From the point of view of the island of Trinidad the most important of the conditions is that which specifies that the operating company should be registered there, since this brings the oil works under the authority of the Trinidad Government, who would have the power in an emergency to take over the whole undertaking. This would make the other conditions enforceable. In his comment on the Chancellor's statement Mr. Goniwe, the Trinidad Minister of Labour and Commerce, said the island could not afford to be fastidious about the source of much-needed new capital and hoped the new owners would respect the rights of West Indians, appreciating that they are a multi-racial community. The sale of the company's shares would realise some £63,000,000, which is a very considerable contribution to the reserves and will increase the funds available generally for overseas investment.



ON THE MOTOR-DRIVEN DRILLING PLATFORM: TWO WORKERS HELPING TO FIT A NEW LENGTH OF DRILL PIPE, MADE NECESSARY AS THE DRILL PENETRATES DEEPER.



REACHING UP TO THE CLOUDS: THE FAMILIAR DRILLING DERRICK, OVER 100 FT. HIGH, FROM THE TOP OF WHICH ARE LOWERED AND RAISED THE NUMEROUS LENGTHS OF DRILL PIPE.

A CENTURY OF VALOUR.

By DEREK PEEL.

"I REGRET exceedingly not to be a man and be able to fight," Queen Victoria wrote, early in the Crimean War. "My heart bleeds for the many fallen, but I consider that there is no finer death for a man than on the battlefield."

The Queen was constantly proud of being a soldier's daughter, and once said that she would like to give "those Russians . . . such a beating." But, as Sovereign, her duties were spread in a less belligerent field: she had to prod her Government to raise arms and money, to provide hospitals and medical attention for the sick and wounded; and she had to think of ways by which her "beloved troops" could be rewarded for their valour.

To-day, as we watch Russia repeating the old pattern of her ambition, we might think back 100 years, to a room within Buckingham Palace on January 29, 1856, when Queen Victoria signed the Royal Warrant instituting the Victoria Cross. It was her own idea. There were many honours she could bestow on her generals and admirals, but there was no adequate way in which she could

Lucas, Mate of H.M.S. *Hecla*. During the bombardment of the fortress of Bomarsund, on June 21, 1854, he had picked up a live shell fired by the Russians and thrown it overboard, while its fuse was still burning. Mr. Lucas was promoted lieutenant on the spot, and lived to retire with the rank of rear-admiral.

Queen Victoria inaugurated her new "Order of Valour" on the morning of June 26, 1857, in Hyde Park. The sun shone from a cloudless sky, 6000 troops and bluejackets formed a parade of honour, the bands played "See, the conquering hero comes," and 500,000 Londoners crowded into the Park, many before daybreak, to watch the gallant scene. Only sixty-one of the heroes were able to be present; the others were still abroad. Almost all wore uniform, but a handful, recently demobilised, were in civilian clothes; one wore the green dress of a Royal park-keeper, and another the blue of a police constable.

The procession from the Palace entered Hyde Park just before ten o'clock, to the boom of a

"highly-prized and eagerly-sought-after" honour returned to duty.

During the century, in more than forty wars and campaigns, almost 1400 men have been given the V.C., from Mr. Lucas, of the *Hecla*, in the Crimea, to Colonel Carne, of the "Glorious Gloucesters," in Korea, who received his Cross from Queen Elizabeth II on October 27, 1953.

The conquest of the air brought a new company of heroes into the "Order of Valour." It is surprising, as we look through the list of pilots who have won the V.C., to realise that the first were more than forty years ago—among them Flight Sub-Lieutenant Reginald Warneford, who destroyed a Zeppelin, single-handed, while flying at 6000 ft. in a *Morane* monoplane, near Ghent, on June 7, 1915. The explosion of one of his bombs overturned his aircraft and stopped the engine; but he landed safely, in enemy country, "and after fifteen minutes started his engine and returned to base without damage." Warneford was the first officer of the Royal Naval Air Service to be given the V.C. Ten days after his combat with the Zeppelin he flew again, in a *Henri Farman* machine, which broke in the air and killed him.



THE EARLIEST DEED TO BE REWARDED WITH THE VICTORIA CROSS: LIEUTENANT CHARLES DAVID LUCAS, R.N., PICKING UP A LIVE SHELL WITH HIS BARE HANDS ON BOARD H.M.S. *HECLA* ON JUNE 21, 1854.

An eighteen-year-old boy performed the earliest deed to be rewarded with the world's most distinguished award for valour—the Victoria Cross. He was Mr. Charles David Lucas, who was serving as mate in H.M.S. *Hecla* during the first attack on the batteries of Bomarsund, in the Crimea, on June 21, 1854. Mr. Lucas, who was promoted to

lieutenant on the spot (and who lived to retire with the rank of rear-admiral) picked up, and threw overboard with his bare hands, a live shell which had been thrown on board H.M.S. *Hecla* by the Russians. His Victoria Cross, normally in the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich, is now on view at the V.C. Centenary Exhibition in Marlborough House.

thank Lieutenant Smith or Able-Seaman Jones for his particular gallant service. So the Queen, in the formal wording of the Warrant, instituted the "new naval and military decoration" for the "purpose of attaining an end so desirable as that of rewarding individual instances of merit and valour." It was her hope that the Victoria Cross "should be highly prized and eagerly sought after by the officers and men of our naval and military services."

It was also the Queen's idea that the motto on the Cross should be "For Valour." This, she wrote to her Secretary at War, "would be better" than "For the Brave," which "would lead to the inference that only those are deemed brave who have got the Victoria Cross."

Although the V.C. was not instituted until almost the end of the Crimean War, it was made retrospective to include the outstanding heroes of the campaign. The first awards appeared in the *London Gazette* on February 24, 1857: in all, 111 officers and men were decorated for their conspicuous bravery, "in the presence of the enemy." The first Cross was earned by Charles

salute from a troop of horse artillery. First came the aides-de-camp and equerries, then the Royal party, followed by the generals and staff officers. The Queen, mounted on a roan charger, rode between the Prince Consort and Prince Frederick William of Prussia. The description of her dress makes us recall that splendid photograph of the present Queen, on her horse, at her first Trooping the Colour. Queen Victoria—she was then thirty-eight—wore "what resembled" a military uniform, with dark-blue skirt and scarlet tunic, a gold sash, and black hat with plumes of red and white feathers. Her two elder sons, the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred, in Highland dress, rode behind on their ponies.

As each of the sixty-one officers and men came forward to receive his bronze Maltese cross, struck from cannon taken at Sevastopol, Queen Victoria, "with a gracious smile of recognition," leaned from her horse and pinned on the decoration and its ribbon—blue for the Navy, red for the Army. The little personal ceremony was soon over; the soldiers and sailors who had won the

The Crosses are still made from Sevastopol cannon, but the ribbon, since 1918, has been deep red for all three Services. Successive Warrants have broadened the company of those who are entitled to earn the V.C. Native officers and men of the Indian Army were admitted in 1911, and women in 1920. But the lofty purpose of the Victoria Cross is unchanged: it is still given, simply, for valour, "in the presence of the enemy."

Only three men have twice been awarded the V.C. Two of them were medical officers—Noel Chavasse, who was killed in the First World War, and Arthur Martin-Leake, who died in June 1953. The third, Charles Hazlitt Upham, is a New Zealander, who won his first V.C. in Crete and his second in the Western Desert.

The century of valour is pleasantly spanned, from Charles Upham, now a sheep farmer in North Canterbury, back to Queen Victoria, who conceived the idea of the Victoria Cross, and who once said, "It is strange—I have never known what it is to be afraid."

DEEDS OF SUPERLATIVE VALOUR WHICH WON V.C.s. IN WORLD WAR I.



ONE OF THE DEEDS WHICH WON THE V.C. FOR CAPTAIN F. O. GRENFELL ON AUGUST 24, 1914: A SQUADRON OF THE 9TH LANCERS, WITH CAPTAIN GRENFELL AT THEIR HEAD, CHARGING TO RECAPTURE THE GUNS, NEAR DOUBON, IN BELGIUM.

(Painted by A. C. Michael from a sketch by Frederic Villiers.)



PRIVATE GEORGE WILSON, 2ND BATTALION THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY, WINNING THE VICTORIA CROSS BY TAKING A GERMAN MACHINE-GUN SINGLE-HANDED, NEAR VERNEUIL, ON SEPTEMBER 14, 1914.

(Painted by A. C. Michael.)



NAIK DARWAN SING NEGI, OF THE 39TH GARHWAL RIFLES, INDIAN ARMY, LEADING THE REGIMENT ROUND THE TRAVERSES AT FESTUBERT, FRANCE, AND THEREBY WINNING THE V.C. ON NOVEMBER 23-24, 1914.

(Painted by S. Begg from material supplied by an officer present at the action.)



REMAINING ALONE TO WORK THE LAST GUN OF "L" BATTERY: SERGT.-MAJOR DORRELL AND SERGEANT NELSON, OF THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY, WINNING V.C.s AND COMMISSIONS DURING THE CLOSE OF THE RETREAT FROM MONS ON SEPTEMBER 1, 1914.

(Painted by S. Begg from material supplied by a leading participant in the incident.)



ONE OF THE DEEDS WHICH WON DRUMMER S. J. BENT, 1ST BN. THE EAST LANCASHIRE REGIMENT, THE V.C.: DRAWING A WOUNDED COMRADE BACK TO THE BRITISH TRENCHES UNDER FIRE NEAR LE GHEER ON NOVEMBER 3, 1914.

(Painted by S. Begg from material supplied by a leading participant in the incident.)



"PRACTICALLY CAPTURING THE ENEMY'S POSITION BY HIMSELF": THE CONSPICUOUS BRAVERY OF LANCE-CORPORAL MICHAEL O'LEARY, V.C., OF THE 1ST BATTALION IRISH GUARDS, AT CUINCHY ON FEBRUARY 1, 1915.

(Painted by A. C. Michael from material supplied by Company Quartermaster-Sergeant J. G. Lowry.)

It is appropriate that the centenary of the institution of the Victoria Cross should be celebrated by inviting all the surviving recipients of this most coveted of all Honours to come to this country as the nation's guests that we may do them honour. The celebrations started on June 15, when the Prime Minister opened the Victoria Cross Centenary Exhibition in Marlborough House, London. On June 25 a special service is to be held in Westminster Abbey, and on the morning of June 26 H.M. the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, is to review holders of the Victoria Cross in Hyde Park. In the afternoon her Majesty's Government have arranged to hold a garden party in the grounds of Marlborough House, which H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother is to attend. On June 25 there is also to be a tea party for V.C.s and their wives at the House of Commons. On June 27, V.C.s and their relatives are to go to Windsor for a tour of the State Apartments and to have tea in St. George's Hall. In the evening the Lord Mayor is to hold a reception at Guildhall. On June 28, V.C.s from overseas and their relatives will be received in Church House, Westminster, by the British Empire Service League. It is fitting that these celebrations should be held and it is hoped that they

may result in an even greater appreciation of what the Victoria Cross really signifies, for only thus can we do honour to those who have won it. In the one hundred years since it was instituted by Queen Victoria, the total number of awards has been 1346, including three Bars, the recipients having been engaged in no fewer than forty-six campaigns. The highest numbers awarded in any one campaign were as follows: World War I—633; the Indian Mutiny—182; World War II—182; and the Crimea and Baltic—111. The degree of bravery required to win the Victoria Cross must be regarded as superlative, and the deeds which have won this great award shine as brightly to-day as at the moment of their performance. Three men have won the V.C. and Bar—Lieutenant Arthur Martin-Leake and Captain N. G. Chavasse, both of the Royal Army Medical Corps. The third is Captain Charles H. Upham, of New Zealand, who won his Crosses during World War II (the first in Crete, and the second in North Africa). Captain Upham is among the eleven of New Zealand's twelve living V.C.s who are in London for the centenary celebrations. Two relatives of each posthumous recipient of the V.C., and one relative of deceased holders, have also been invited.

Reproductions from the Special "Great War Deeds" Number of "The Illustrated London News," published in 1915.

A FEW OF THE 182 SUPREME FEATS OF VALOUR WHICH WON THE VICTORIA CROSS IN WORLD WAR II, RECALLED IN VIVID DRAWINGS.



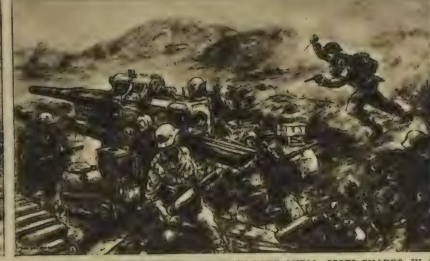
A SINGLE-HANDED DEFEAT OF GERMAN TANKS: FUSILIER F. A. JEFFERSON, OF THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS, REPULSING GERMAN TANKS IN ITALY, ON MAY 16, 1944. (From the drawing by Captain de Griseau in our issue of July 22, 1944.)



FIRING H.M.S. FOYLEBANK'S POM-POM, WHILE MORTALLY WOUNDED: LEADING SEAMAN J. F. MANTLE, DURING A DIVE ATTACK ON JULY 4, 1940. (From the drawing by C. E. Turner in our issue of September 28, 1940.)



A FRENCH CANADIAN V.C.: CAPTAIN PAUL TRIQUET, OF THE ROYAL 22nd REGT. HOLDING A POSITION AT CASA BERARDI, IN ITALY, ON DEC. 14, 1943. (From the drawing by Captain de Griseau in our issue of March 18, 1944.)



AT DJEBEL BOU ARADA, TUNISIA: CAPTAIN LORD LVELL, SCOTS GUARDS, IN A SINGLE-HANDED ATTACK ON A GERMAN 88 MM. GUN, IN WHICH HE DIED ON APRIL 27, 1943. (From the drawing by Captain de Griseau in our issue of August 21, 1943.)



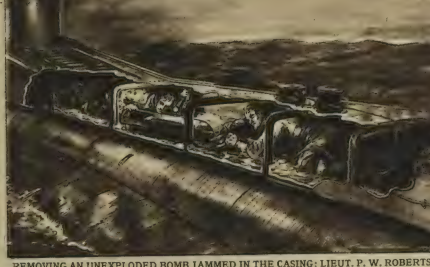
AT ANZIO: MAJOR PHILIP SIDNEY (NOW LORD DE L'ISLE AND DUDLEY), GRENADIER GUARDS, ATTACKING A GERMAN STRONG-POINT ON FEBRUARY 7-8, 1944. (From the drawing by Captain de Griseau in our issue of April 15, 1944.)



HOLDING A BRIDGEHEAD ON THE ORNE FROM THE TOP OF A TANK: CAPTAIN D. JAMIESON, ROYAL NORFOLK REGT., IN NORMANDY ON AUGUST 7-8, 1944. (From the drawing by Captain de Griseau in our issue of November 25, 1944.)



MANNING A 6-PDR, SINGLE-HANDED AGAINST GERMAN ARMOUR: SGT. J. D. BASKYFIELD, THE SOUTH STAFFS. REGT., AT ARNHEM, ON SEPT. 20, 1944. (From the drawing by Captain de Griseau in our issue of December 9, 1944.)



REMOVING AN UNEXPLODED BOMB JAMMED IN THE CASING: LIEUT. P. W. ROBERTS AND P/O. T. GOULD, SERVING IN THE SUBMARINE THRASHER, ON FEB. 16, 1942. (From a drawing by Captain de Griseau in our issue of June 26, 1952.)



SILENCING THE SECOND OF THREE GERMAN M.G. POSTS: SERGEANT G. H. SANDLEY, R.S.L.I., IN ACTION AT OVERLOON, HOLLAND, ON OCT. 16, 1944. (From the drawing by Captain de Griseau in our issue of January 20, 1945.)



BOMBING THE DORTMUND-EMS CANAL: FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT R. A. B. LEARY OF THE R.A.F., IN HIS HAMPDEN BOMBER, ON AUGUST 12, 1940. (From the drawing by C. E. Turner in our issue of August 31, 1940.)



LEADING HIS TANK-CREWS INTO ACTION: LIEUT.-COLONEL H. R. B. FOOTE, ROYAL TANK REGIMENT, NEAR "KNIGHTSBRIDGE," LIBYA, ON JUNE 13, 1942. (From the drawing by Captain de Griseau in our issue of December 23, 1942.)



THE FIRST FIGHTER-PILOT V.C. OF WORLD WAR II: FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT J. B. NICOLSON, IN HIS BLAZING HURRICANE OVER SOUTHAMPTON ON AUGUST 16, 1940. (From the drawing by Captain de Griseau in our issue of November 26, 1940.)

On these two pages we reproduce twelve of the drawings with which during the 1939-45 war we endeavoured graphically to recall some of the outstanding feats of heroism which during that period led to the awards of 181 Victoria Crosses, and the Bar to the Victoria Cross which Captain Upham won. So small a selection from so many actions inevitably leave out so many glorious deeds which it would be desirable to recall; and our choice, restricted by space, has had to fall on a few which especially captured the public imagination.

(Continued opposite)

(Continued)
or were especially amenable to illustration. All these drawings were made on the best evidence available. In some cases our artist had the benefit of the chief actor's account—for example, Flight-Lieutenant Leary himself signed the drawing; in others, other participants in the action, who perhaps saw more than the hero himself, helped and advised the artist in the rewarding task of recording such glorious feats of gallantry. An article on the history of the Victoria Cross appears on page 776.



SOME FAMOUS V.C.s OF THE VICTORIAN ERA; AND AN INTERESTING PARALLEL.



A FAMOUS DEED OF THE INDIAN MUTINY: LORD ROBERTS WINNING THE V.C. ON JANUARY 2, 1858, AT KHUDAGANJ, WHEN HE RESCUED THE STANDARD.
(From a painting by R. Caton Woodville in our issue of January 11, 1908.)



PLAYING THE REGIMENTAL MARCH THOUGH WOUNDED IN BOTH LEGS: PIPER GEORGE FINDLATER ON THE DARGAI HEIGHTS, INDIA, IN 1897.
(From a painting by R. Caton Woodville in our issue of April 2, 1898.)



HOW PIPER LAIDLAW WON THE V.C. AT LOOS: PIPER LAIDLAW PLAYING "THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST" OUTSIDE THE BRITISH TRENCHES UNDER GERMAN FIRE ON SEPTEMBER 25, 1915.
(From a drawing by S. Begg in our issue of December 4, 1915.)

Among the gallant band of men who have been awarded the most coveted of all honours, the Victoria Cross, were a notable father and son whose name was none other than Roberts. During the Indian Mutiny Lieutenant Frederick Sleigh Roberts, Bengal Artillery, was awarded the V.C. for an act of gallantry which is shown on this page. Later, this great British soldier, who became a national hero, was created Earl Roberts of Kandahar, Pretoria, and Waterford—though he was known affectionately as "Bobs." He was the only Knight of the Garter who has also been a holder of the V.C. During the Boer War his son, Lieutenant the Hon. F. H. S. Roberts, was mortally wounded in a gallant attempt to save some of Buller's guns at Colenso. Two men won the



A FAMOUS DEED OF THE BOER WAR: LORD ROBERTS'S SON, LIEUTENANT THE HON. F. H. S. ROBERTS, FALLING WOUNDED WHILE SAVING GUNS AT COLENZO.
(From a drawing by F. A. Stewart in our issue of January 20, 1900.)



BEING DISGUISED FOR THE HEROIC MISSION WHICH WON HIM THE V.C. IN 1857: MR. THOMAS HENRY KAVANAGH, ONE OF THE FOUR CIVILIAN HOLDERS WHO VOLUNTEERED TO GO THROUGH THE MUTINEERS' LINES AT LUCKNOW.



ONE OF THREE ACTS OF GALLANTRY, DURING THE RETREAT AT INHLOBANA, FOR WHICH GENERAL BULLER WON THE V.C.: THE RESCUE OF CAPTAIN D'ARCY DURING THE ZULU WAR ON MARCH 28, 1879.
(From a drawing by R. Caton Woodville in our issue of November 10, 1900.)

V.C. for heartening their comrades with the skirl of the pipes under enemy fire: Piper George Findlater, of the Gordon Highlanders, at Dargai, India, in 1897, and, during World War I, Piper Laidlaw, of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, who played "The Flowers of the Forest" to encourage his company to the assault on German trenches near Loos and Hill 70 on September 25, 1915. The drawing on this page shows the next man out of the trench climbing the parapet and the men wearing gas-masks. Mr. Thomas Henry Kavanagh, Assistant-Commissioner in Oudh, won the V.C. for his bravery during the siege of Lucknow in 1857 when he volunteered to proceed through the mutineers' lines to the camp of the C-in-C. to guide the relieving force.

THE WORLD'S RAREST AWARD FOR VALOUR: QUEEN VICTORIA'S SCARF.

CAREFULLY locked away in a bank vault at Arusha, Tanganyika, is what is believed to be the only perfect specimen of one of the world's rarest awards for gallantry. It is called the Queen's Scarf and was worked by the fingers of Queen Victoria when she was in her 82nd year. Only four were made by the Queen as a special recognition for bravery in the field—maintained by some even to supersede the Victoria Cross. But before the Queen could present the scarves personally, as she intended, or give official instructions concerning them or the recipients, she died. To-day a certain amount of mystery surrounds this rare and unusual award. Apart from the one in Arusha, the others seem to have disappeared and nothing is known of them. All the information that can be established has been pieced together from letters and paragraphs in newspapers of fifty years ago. The Tanganyika scarf belongs to Mr. A. G. H. Dufrayer, of the Tsetse Department of the Tanganyika Government in Arusha, and his father was one of the men who were awarded the scarf. In Mr. Dufrayer's possession are copies of letters and newspaper cuttings which helped to build up the scanty information available. Trooper Dufrayer, of New South Wales (he was later commissioned), was personally recommended for the award by Lord Roberts in a communication to Queen Victoria from Pretoria, South Africa, dated August 8, 1900. Lord Roberts stated: "Your Majesty will, I dare say, remember the Scarves made by your Majesty to be given to your Colonial private soldiers. There was the greatest competition to become the fortunate possessor of these scarves and it took a very long time to get the required information which would enable me to decide as to the merits of those eligible for such a widely-contested reward, on account of the troops being so widely scattered and so constantly on the move. It was finally settled that the following men were, in all respects,

(Continued below.)



WEARING THE QUEEN'S SCARF: THE LATE TROOPER ALFRED H. DUFRAYER, OF NEW SOUTH WALES. HE WAS TWICE MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES AND EVENTUALLY RECOMMENDED BY LORD ROBERTS FOR THE V.C. FOR HIS GALLANTRY AT THE KAREE SIDING, WHEN HE GALLOPED BACK TO PICK UP A WOUNDED COMRADE "IN THE FACE OF ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH."

(Continued.)

the most deserving of the great honour: Canada, Private R. R. Thompson; New South Wales, A. H. Dufrayer; Cape Colony, Trooper L. Chadwicks." Australian Army Orders said: "The Queen's Scarf of Honour, for the Boer War. Conditions as follows: (1) Eligible only to troops that had entered army or the war as 'rankers.' (2) First to be recommended for the Victoria Cross and to have subsequent recommendations in the field. (3) To be awarded by vote of comrades in the field. (4) To rank equally with the Victoria Cross. (5) To carry rank for life if commissioned later." The scarves were mentioned in a paragraph in *The Illustrated London News* of September 1, 1900, which read: "There is, and in time to come will undoubtedly yet more be, a romantic interest associated with the personality of the Queen, in whose reign such vast developments have been witnessed, and who has herself filled



HOLDING THE QUEEN'S SCARF AWARDED TO HIS LATE FATHER, TROOPER ALFRED H. DUFRAYER: MR. A. G. H. DUFRAYER, OF THE TSETSE DEPARTMENT OF THE TANGANYIKA GOVERNMENT IN ARUSHA, NORTHERN PROVINCE.



MADE BY QUEEN VICTORIA WHEN SHE WAS IN HER 82ND YEAR: THE BEAUTIFULLY CROCHETED SCARF AWARDED TO THE LATE TROOPER ALFRED H. DUFRAYER WHICH IS NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF HIS SON.

for so long so large and important a place in the national life. It follows that the four scarves worked by the Queen's own hand . . . as a special reward for a valiant deed . . . will have a value incalculable. What price would be given for an undoubtedly authentic specimen of the handwork of Queen Elizabeth even without the added interest of it having been presented by herself to a man pre-eminent for bravery? Yet I observe that a writer in a popular journal is dissatisfied because the Queen's Scarf has been given in lieu of the Victoria Cross. Surely the unique personal gift is unapproachable in honour and interest." Dufrayer's scarf was presented to him in Australia by the Duke of York (later King George V). The Duchess of York (later Queen Mary) told him how she herself had helped the old Queen when she sometimes dropped stitches while making the scarves.



AN EGYPTIAN QUEEN'S WATCH-DOG OF 5000 YEARS AGO ; AND DOMESTIC DOGS OF THE NEAR EAST, 6000-650 B.C.

In *The Illustrated London News* of June 2 an account was given of the excavation by the Egypt Exploration Society (Field Director, Professor Walter B. Emery, of University College, London), on behalf of the Egyptian Government Antiquities Service, of another First Dynasty tomb at Sakkara—that of the Queen Her-neit. At the entrance to the enclosure round this great tomb a dog had been buried, as guardian, an innovation in place of the human retainers usually buried to accompany the occupant of great First Dynasty tombs in this cemetery. As far as is known at present to the excavators, the dog was a Saluki-like animal, and on the supposition that this diagnosis is correct, an attempt has been made by our artist to show the relation of Queen Her-neit's dog to the early domesticated dogs of Egypt and Asia Minor. The earliest known domestic dog, found with the Mesolithic Natufian culture (of at least 8000 years ago) on Mount Carmel, in Palestine, was shown by the late Miss D. M. A. Bate to have derived from the wolf-jackal (*Canis lupaster*). The wolf-jackal is a heavier animal than the ordinary jackal, and still inhabits the desert confines of

the Nile as far south as Wadi Halfa. The dog of the predynastic Egyptians, as portrayed on a dish now at Moscow, must also have derived from the wolf-jackal, and have been not unlike the "desert" dog still common in Egypt to-day. Assuming that Queen Her-neit's dog was like a Saluki, it must have been descended from the wolf-jackal through the predynastic dog; although it will be interesting if subsequent examination by experts proves it to have been one of the heavier mastiff-like dogs which are characteristic of early Mesopotamia and which probably derived from the wolf. That the mastiff type entered Egypt with the founders of the First Dynasty is indicated by the well-known Gebel-el-Arak knife-handle. This is supported by a small ivory head found at Hierakonpolis and now in the Petrie Collection at University College, London. The sketch includes two historical descendants of the early Mesopotamian mastiffs, taken from reliefs now in the British Museum; while the various breeds of dog developed in Egypt by the Middle Kingdom (nearly 1000 years after Queen Her-neit) are drawn from the tomb of Khnum-hotep II at Beni Hasan.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker, with the co-operation of Dr. A. J. Arkell, of University College, London.

AN ENGLISH DOG OF
OVER 4000 YEARS AGO:
THE WINDMILL HILL
SKELETON—BRITAIN'S
FIRST FARM DOG—
"BROUGHT TO LIFE."

AROUND 2500 B.C. invaders entered Britain from France and the Low Countries, bringing with them a generally Mediterranean Neolithic culture. This people brought agriculture to the island; and introduced, especially to the chalk uplands of England, domesticated cattle, sheep and pigs and planted wheat. They understood weaving, pottery and some principles of mixed farming; and unlike the hunting people who were the earlier inhabitants of the island, they began to alter the face of the country—planting crops, grazing cattle, taming the woodland to some extent with their flint axes, and building their characteristic monuments. One of the finest of these monuments is the causewayed camp at Windmill Hill, in Wiltshire, about a mile to the north-west of Avebury; and, indeed, their culture is named from this site. It is not certainly known what was the purpose of this camp (and others like it), but it appears to have been used only seasonally, and it may be that it was concerned with the rounding-up periodically of the cattle. At all events, in its ditches have been found many remains of cattle and sheep; and among them an unusually perfect skeleton of a dog; and this skeleton is now mounted, as we show, in the Morven Museum at Avebury.

(Continued below.)



THE FIRST ENGLISH FARM DOG: THE PERFECTLY PRESERVED SKELETON, OVER 4000 YEARS OLD, FOUND IN THE NEOLITHIC CAMP AT WINDMILL HILL, NEAR AVEBURY. IT NOW STANDS IN THE MORVEN MUSEUM, AVEBURY.



THE DOG WHICH FIRST HERDED ENGLAND'S CATTLE: THE WINDMILL HILL DOG, "BROUGHT TO LIFE" BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER.

Below the photograph our artist has clothed the skeleton with flesh and brought to life what may be considered as England's first farm dog. This dog stands about 1 ft. 4 ins. from the ground and is considered to be identical with the Swiss *Canis familiaris palustris*. This race is believed to have been

fixed in Middle and Late Stone Ages and to have originated in a Pleistocene species of Dingo type. The teeth are small and unspecialised, and argue that the race does not derive from a large carnivore-tooth animal of the wolf species. It is, in fact, a pastoralist's, and not a huntsman's, dog.



HE is, I imagine, a poor, sad fish living almost exclusively upon a diet of arsenic who fails to be dazzled by this annual jamboree, wherein the art of display is made almost easy by reason of the quality of the goods on show, which are, to a very considerable extent, the best the market has to offer and which the dealers have been able to save up for the occasion. I met a man who said that his grandfather, somewhere in the 1880's, announced to a respectfully seated family that within ten years there would be no more fine pictures, no more good furniture, no more anything coming up for sale. That was an ancient prophecy and a vast number of worthwhile things have since emigrated: yet still there are shows of this quality, full, not of course of great masterpieces either of painting or in any other medium, but of an extraordinary variety of objects which would need a month's steady touring to see in their owners' houses up and down the country.

The only difficulty is to know where to begin—an early Chinese bronze?—a crystal chandelier?—a Persian rug?—a seventeenth-century settee studded with oval-headed nails?—a watch from Aachen dated 1648 and said to have belonged to Oliver Cromwell?—(as to that I would like to see the evidence)—a Græco-Roman head?—endless pieces of early silver? Or have you a passion for hall lanterns? I regarded such things with mild interest until this week when I stood in front of a singularly elegant example of wrought-iron, and gilded, presumably of about the year 1750, and big enough to satisfy a family of eagles; I would like to buy it and then rent Blenheim from the Duke of Marlborough in order to house it as it deserves. Or a writing-table? In my case, the

some of the fine jades to be found here and note their coolness, and then a soapstone carving: after that, if you have leisure, test whether your fingers are sufficiently sensitive to distinguish, without the aid of your eyes, between soft-paste and hard-paste porcelain.

When did you last read Laurence Sterne—not only "A Sentimental Journey" but the Letters to Eliza? Here is Richard Cosway's portrait of the lady sitting in a superb carved chair with cabriole legs—Cosway with his R.A. trick of elongating limbs which the fashion artists have followed ever since. Beside her is hung what is, I suppose, her silk cloak and her fine garden-party hat, a

1760 in the shape of a tall mahogany show cabinet—a well-known example illustrated in the late Oliver Brackett's book on that excellent craftsman, who is now, by the way, recognised as not so much the only cabinet-maker of quality of his time, but as first among several equals, owing his fabulous reputation to the shrewd business acumen which led him to publish the "Director," a superb and dignified example of intelligent advertising.

I think a word ought to be said about the jewels, snuff-boxes and other gewgaws (if one can use such a word with reference to such charming bits of nonsense) which are to be seen on one or two of the stands. The more one sees of nineteenth-century designs in precious stones—particularly the sprays of flowers in diamonds—the more one is liable to find many of the modern fashions slick and ham-fisted, giving an impression of neo-Roman opulence rather than of natural grace. Women, I imagine, will find it difficult to drag themselves away from them, and not a few men will find themselves delving deep into their pockets in the hope of pacifying their nearest and dearest. The same, to a somewhat lesser extent, applies to the gold and enamelled snuff-boxes, whether German, French or English, which were so important a part of the jewellers' business.

When I was there, in good time in the morning, I found myself colliding with one of the expert sub-committees, whose business it is, each day, to go round every exhibitor's stand and ensure that nothing is put on sale which is not what it pretends to be, and that everything was made before 1830—which is regarded as the dividing



FIG. 1. "A BEAUTY WITH NICE REEDED LEGS... THE BACK OF IT VENEERED WITH PANELS OF FLAME-FIGURED HONDURAS MAHOGANY": A CARLTON HOUSE TABLE. (Length: 5 ft. 1 in.) (M. Harris and Sons.)

conceit which is herewith commended to to-day's photographers *à la mode*.

The Royal family always supports the Fair by lending some notable pieces. Her Majesty the Queen has sent a sixteenth-century silver-gilt rose-water dish and an early seventeenth-century ewer, H.M. the Queen Mother a William and Mary lacquer cabinet decorated with figures and flowers on a scarlet ground on a six-legged silvered stand of the period, while a further loan from the Queen is a pair of silver-gilt fire-dogs mounted on ebony and bearing the cipher of William III. The Princess Royal has sent a candelabrum of Derbyshire Spar, ormolu-mounted in the manner of Matthew Boulton of Birmingham, and the Duchess of Kent two eighteenth-century green jade bowls and a jade wine ewer. The Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths' loan this year is an hour-glass salt, silver-gilt, of the year 1516, rather similar to two at Christ's College, Cambridge.

Among so many thousands of things, how to choose?—the eye is liable to notice, at a first glance, only the obviously imposing. Here is something

very small (Fig. 2)—a fifteenth-century, i.e., early Ming Dynasty, porcelain rectangular *jardinière* decorated with a scrolling lotus pattern in underglaze blue—the exquisite beginning of a marvellous tradition. And here something large, and a trifle clumsy, but of more than usual interest, for we were slow to learn the craft of making mirrors, and this (Fig. 3) is one of the earliest, with its elaborately carved and silvered wooden frame which can reasonably be said to have been made at the Duke of Buckingham's glass works in seventeenth-century Vauxhall. Nor far off is a good example of Chinese Chippendale of about



FIG. 2. DECORATED WITH SCROLLING LOTUS IN UNDERGLAZE BLUE: A CHINESE PORCELAIN RECTANGULAR *JARDINIÈRE* DATING FROM THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY, I.E., EARLY MING DYNASTY. (Length: 11 ins.) (John Sparks, Ltd.)

wrong horse ran too fast in the Derby: therefore the table of Fig. 1 will not be mine, but I envy the man who acquires it, for whereas practically all Carlton House tables are worth having (though I admit there are some poor specimens to be found) this seems to me a beauty with nice reeded legs (so many were made with very ordinary turned legs) and wood of beautiful quality, the back of it veneered with panels of flame-figured Honduras mahogany. And what a pleasure it is to stroke beautiful wood as well as look at it!—almost as good as stroking a horse. The Chinese were wise in laying stress upon the sense of touch: pick up



FIG. 3. "LARGE, AND A TRIFLE CLUMSY, BUT OF MORE THAN USUAL INTEREST": A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY LOOKING-GLASS WITH ORIGINAL PLATE WHICH "CAN REASONABLY BE SAID" TO HAVE BEEN MADE AT THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S GLASS WORKS IN VAUXHALL. (Height: 3 ft. 9 ins.) (S. W. Wolsey.)

line between the age of handicraft and that of the machine. There is no question as to the thoroughness with which this inspection is carried out, and I was full of admiration for the good sense and good humour with which the most respected and well-known dealers submitted to the rigorous inspection *pro bono publico*. Some day this civilised and intelligent behaviour may spread to certain Governments in the matter of arms inspection.

THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR: EXHIBITS AND ROYAL LOANS.



AT THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR: A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY ENAMELLED GOLD AND CRYSTAL CUP. (S. J. Phillips.)



WITH WHITE CHELSEA PORCELAIN FINIALS: AN ENAMELLED CASKET, WITH SIDES AND LID DECORATED WITH MYTHOLOGICAL SCENES. (S. J. Phillips.)



LENT BY HER MAJESTY: ONE OF A PAIR OF SILVER-GILT FIRE-DOGS OF 1696-7. (Reproduced by Gracious Permission of H.M. the Queen.)



LENT BY H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER: A WILLIAM AND MARY LACQUER CABINET. (Reproduced by Gracious Permission of H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother.)



A DELIGHTFUL SCALE MODEL, IN PAINTED PINE, OF THE FIGURE-HEAD OF AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MAN-OF-WAR STILL IN ITS ORIGINAL CASE. (Lories.)



THE CHARM AND BRILLIANCE OF CUT-GLASS IN A WALL-LIGHT—ONE OF A PAIR—OF THE ADAM PERIOD, DATING FROM c. 1790. (Delomosne and Son.)



LENT BY HER MAJESTY: A SILVER-GILT ROSE-WATER DISH AND EWER, WITH BADGES OF GEORGE IV AS PRINCE OF WALES. (Reproduced by Gracious Permission of H.M. the Queen.)

In our last issue we illustrated a number of remarkable and interesting pieces to be seen at the annual Antique Dealers' Fair at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, from June 12 to June 28. In this issue in "A Page for Collectors," Mr. Frank Davis gives his impressions of the Fair and some of its highlights. We illustrate here some further notable exhibits, including three Royal loans. Of these the silver-gilt rose-water dish and ewer make an interesting comparison with the Wyndham ewer and dish



AN ANCIENT CHINESE BRONZE VESSEL, TING AND DATING FROM ABOUT 1000 B.C. (Bluett and Sons.)

which we showed last week. The Queen's dish and ewer both bear the added badges of George IV as Prince of Wales, the dish dating from 1595-96, the ewer from 1617-18. The silver-gilt fire-dogs, also lent by the Queen, have the date-mark 1696-97; they carry the cipher of William III; and the infant Bacchus figures were added in 1821. The William and Mary cabinet lent by H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother is decorated with figures and flowers on a scarlet ground.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



MANY years have passed since I bought my first microscope. It was old-fashioned, even for those days, a shining brass affair, and immensely tall, but the price was low. The shop in which it was displayed for sale was kept by a man who was probably older than the microscope. The shop was large; and the window was filled with the most incredible collection of odds and ends which overflowed into the shop itself, so that you had to pick your way among them. Not the least remarkable thing about the whole transaction was the time taken to conclude it. The owner of the shop had little to say about the microscope itself, but a lot to say about its use. "It opens up a new world to you," he assured me, and proceeded to enlarge on the

CONVERGENT EVOLUTION.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

animal itself, what value has the pattern to it? There is a simple explanation. One of the molluscs possessing such a shell expands its body when it sets off in search of food, and the ample extensions of the body flow up and over the shell, enclosing it in a brilliant yellow mantle, replacing one beauty with another. If, during its wanderings, anything happens to upset the equanimity of the mollusc, it immediately retracts its body inside the shell. So, the explanation is perfectly clear. The mollusc may advertise its presence to the enemy by its brilliant yellow

mantle, but at first sign of danger this is quickly withdrawn. The enemy is baffled, for where a moment ago was a splash of vivid yellow, now there is a broken pattern which harmonises with the background on which the mollusc is at rest. By the aid of the colours the shell-fish has executed a neat disappearing act. The pattern and the colours, so attractive to our eyes, have a severely practical function for the animal possessing them.

or the neck of the flask short or long? The question would be very difficult to answer convincingly. It would be even more difficult to show that the patterns they so often have on the surface of the flask can have a functional value, patterns which delight our eyes. What is more to the point, when man learned how to manipulate glass, he not only made flasks of the same shapes but he decorated them in the same ways, not for any utilitarian end, but because the designs gave him pleasure.

Whether we are dealing with the single cell or the group of cells or the whole organism, the story is the same. The product of the whole organism has been exemplified in the shell of the mollusc. The work of a group of cells, a tissue or organ, can be seen in the eggs of insects. These offer a wide range of shapes and patterns and also of design in ornamentation. The shapes, possibly even the patterning, could in some instances be shown to have a practical value to the race of insect laying them. It is much more difficult to show that the decoration on them can have such a function; and often the colours are difficult to explain. Frequently the colours are the reverse of camouflage, the easiest argument to explain how they could have a practical value. As to the patterns, they might be recognition marks, but if so, for whom? The insect that lays the eggs has no further interest in them. It might be that the predator on the eggs is guided to them by their patterns. If so, then we have to think of the inverse of natural selection as the causative factor. Probably the pattern is wholly fortuitous. The main point is that we find it aesthetically satisfying. Even more important, when man started to make pots of the same shapes as the insect eggs he decorated them in much the same ways.

It is not surprising that we find pleasure or satisfaction in natural forms since every part of



OBJECTS OF REAL BEAUTY: THE SPIKED EGGS OF A SHIELD BUG, ALSO KNOWN AS A STINK-BUG. WHEN THE EGGS ARE FIRST LAID THEY SHINE AS IF PLATED WITH GOLD, GRADUALLY TURNING TO SILVER BEFORE THEY HATCH.

beauty of the objects one could see under the microscope, and of the time he spent enjoying them. It is fairly certain that he could not tell a radiolarian from a bee's wing, but he found pleasure in looking at them, and in talking about them.

In this age, with the microscope so much more efficient, and with the ever-increasing urge to delve more deeply into the world's secrets, we have less time for these æsthetic enthusiasms. Yet, even while our aim is so much more utilitarian, we cannot wholly shut our eyes to the beauty of natural objects. That is where we score over the rest of creation; we can pursue the practical and cultivate the arts, which no other animal can do—so we say, and in saying we are largely correct. Animals have three primary needs, food, defence and procreation, and under the relentless pressure of natural selection everything else is subsidiary. Even the forms and colours in them, which are so satisfying to our eyes, have been built up and perpetuated to subserve one or other of these ends. Life is so rigorous that anything bringing no practical value to its possessor is eliminated. Everything that has no purposeful function is bound to be submerged. Briefly, that is our zoological philosophy; yet we find that from the microscopic animals upwards there are not only these forms and colours that arouse our appreciation, but over and over again we see those for which there can be little possibility of a practical value to the animal possessing them.

There are certain kinds of sea-shells, mainly from tropical waters, which bear on the surface a beautiful chequered pattern. Such shells, and not always because they are rare, are the gems of the conchologist's cabinet. But what of the

And then we pass to a close relative of this mollusc, whose shell also possesses a beautiful pattern and is prized by the collector. The shell of this one is covered throughout life with a drab layer and the pattern is only revealed to the world long after the animal is dead, and a collector has cleaned off its outer covering—a hidden beauty, for which we cannot offer the same facile explanation.

Long before men knew the meaning of glass, certainly long before they were making *objets d'art* from it, animals and plants were using silica to the same ends. Others were achieving the same results with lime salts, taken from the surrounding water and crystallised into a shell, of the kind the old curiosity-shop owner delighted to look at through the microscope. These animals and plants are all unicellular, combining all the functions of life within the limits of a single cell. Take one family of them alone. Its members make shells resembling flasks with narrow necks. Sometimes the flask is round in the body, sometimes oval. In some the neck is short, in others it is long and slender.

Can it matter so much to these minute organisms whether the shell is this shape or that,



NOT A COLLECTION OF MAN-MADE POTS, BUT THE EGGS OF A BUG! THESE EGGS ARE REGULARLY MOULDED, GREEN BELOW, RED ABOVE, AND DECORATED WITH A ROW OF GOLDEN DOTS. THERE CAN BE LITTLE PRACTICAL VALUE IN THEIR BEAUTY TO THE INSECT THAT LAYS THEM.

Photographs by Edwin Way Teale.

our being is akin to those that make them. For the same reason, our artistic effects follow the same lines, not because we copy the products of the natural "artists," but because our biochemistry is similar, being merely expressed at a higher level. Our good fortune is the ability to be aware of beauty and to have the capacity to exploit it. But perhaps we cannot be wholly confident that this is not shared, at least by some of the higher animals.

SOME PERSONALITIES
OF THE WEEK.

TO BE AMBASSADOR TO BRAZIL: SIR GEOFFREY HARRISON.

Sir Geoffrey Wedgwood Harrison, at present an Under-Secretary in the Foreign Office, is to be British Ambassador at Rio de Janeiro, in succession to Sir Geoffrey Thompson, who is soon retiring from the Foreign Service.



NEW AMBASSADOR TO POLAND: SIR ERIC BERTHOUD.

Sir Eric A. Berthoud, Ambassador in Copenhagen since Nov. 1952, has been appointed British Ambassador Extraordinary in Warsaw in succession to Sir Andrew Noble. Sir Eric was educated at Gresham's School and Magdalen College, Oxford.



AWARDED HONORARY DEGREES AT OXFORD:

M. JEAN COCTEAU AND M. JULES BLACHE (L)
On June 12 the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters was conferred upon M. Jean Cocteau at the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford. The Public Orator described M. Cocteau as a poet-of-all-work, being both writer and artist, and author of ballets, films and plays, and his usual vein as the unexpected and irrelevant, inspired by Diaghileff's advice to him: "Etonne-moi."

PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN
THE PUBLIC EYE.

A DEFENCE MINISTRY APPOINTMENT:

SIR RICHARD POWELL.
Sir Richard Powell is to succeed Sir Harold Parker, on the latter's retirement on September 10, as Permanent Secretary of the Ministry of Defence. Sir Richard, who is forty-six, has been Deputy Secretary of the Ministry since 1950.



TO BE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH: THE RT. REV. R. W. STOPFORD.

The Rt. Rev. Robert Wright Stopford, who has been Bishop Suffragan of Fulham, with jurisdiction of North and Central Europe, since last year, has been nominated for election as Bishop of Peterborough in succession to the late Dr. Spencer Leeson.



RE-ELECTED CAMBRIDGE VICE-CHANCELLOR:

PROFESSOR B. W. DOWNS.
Professor B. W. Downs, Master of Christ's College, has been re-elected Vice-Chancellor of the University for the next academic year, it was announced on June 1. He was representative of the British Council in the Netherlands after the war and has been Professor of Scandinavian Studies since 1950.



RECEIVING AN HONORARY DEGREE: DR. ADENAUER, THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR, AT YALE.
On June 11, Dr. Adenauer, the German Chancellor, received an honorary degree at Yale University. After a speech in which he warned against the new phase of Russian imperialism he left for talks in Washington.



RECENTLY MARRIED: Mlle. DE GALARD, "THE ANGEL OF DIEN BIEN PHU."
On June 14, the marriage took place in Paris of Mlle. Genevieve de Galard, who won fame when she remained with the beleaguered French garrison at Dien Bien Phu, to Captain Jean de Heaulme.



DEPORTED TO ATHENS: ARCHIMANDRITE KALLINIKOS MACHERIOTIS.

Father Kallinikos Macheriotis, a Greek Orthodox priest in London, was deported on June 12. In reply to a protest from the Greek Chargé d'Affaires, a Foreign Office spokesman said there was evidence that Father Macheriotis' activities in Britain were not in the public interest.



FOLLOWING THE PERONISTA UPRISING IN ARGENTINA: PRESIDENT ARAMBURU BROADCASTING TO THE NATION FROM GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BUENOS AIRES.
Military risings in favour of the deposed dictator, General Peron, took place in various parts of Argentina during the early hours of June 10. In the afternoon General Aramburu, after making a broadcast, appeared with the provisional vice-president, Admiral Rojas, on the balcony of Government House in Buenos Aires and announced to a large crowd that although there had been considerable bloodshed the people's wish for democracy had proved unconquerable. Latest reports tell of a state of uneasy calm, with rumours of further troubles.



THE SIBELIUS FESTIVAL, HELSINKI: SIR MALCOLM SARGENT WITH THE GREAT FINNISH COMPOSER, JEAN J. C. SIBELIUS.

Sir Malcolm Sargent and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, on a tour of Scandinavia, gave a concert in the City Hall at Helsinki during the annual Sibelius festival and paid a visit to the famous Finnish composer at his home. Sibelius celebrated his ninetieth birthday last December, and in honour of the occasion a broadcast concert, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, was given at the Festival Hall. Sibelius' most important works were played and special arrangements were made for him to hear the concert clearly at his home.

FROM A MODERN WARSHIP TO AN ANCIENT NECKLACE: A MISCELLANY.



WITH CLEAN SUPERSTRUCTURE AND GRILL-LIKE DECK: CANADA'S MOST MODERN ANTI-SUBMARINE DESTROYER, H.M.C.S. ST. LAURENT. St. Laurent recently formed part of the escort of *Britannia* and visited London on June 19. Although Canadian-designed and made for the most part, her machinery was designed and chiefly made by Yarrow and Co. Ltd., of Glasgow.



PREPARING FOR THE ANNUAL THAMES SAILING BARGE RACE: VERONICA (NEARER CAMERA) AND SARA DURING RECENT PRACTICE IN THE THAMES ESTUARY. One of the most beautiful sights of the London river is a Thames sailing barge; and the annual race, which was arranged for June 19, is always a popular occasion. There are at present only about thirty "sailormen" barges working.



THE OLYMPIC FLAME FOR THE EQUESTRIAN GAMES: A GIRL RUNNER TAKES UP THE TORCH. The Olympic flame was carried into the Stockholm stadium on June 10 by a horseman, who lit the fire. From this two runners, a man and a girl, lit torches and ran with them to the beacons.



COMMEMORATING POPULAR FRENCH SPORTS—BASKET-BALL, PELOTA, RUGBY FOOTBALL AND MOUNTAINEERING: A SET OF FRENCH STAMPS, FOR ISSUE ON JULY 7.



INFLATING HIS ANTI-MINE SHOES: A SAPPER, DURING THE ANNUAL R.E. DEMONSTRATION. On June 13 the Royal Engineers staged at Sidbury Hill, Tidworth, their annual demonstration of techniques, such as bridging, mine-laying, demolition and reconnaissance, and airfield construction.



THE NECKLACE OF THE PRINCESS NEFERU-PTAH: PERHAPS THE MOST NOTABLE FIND FROM THE FAYOUM TOMB IN WHICH THE SARCOPHAGUS WAS FOUND, MOST DISAPPOINTINGLY, TO BE EMPTY.

As reported in our issue of May 12, the sarcophagus of Neferu-Ptah (of about 4000 years ago) proved virtually empty. Some treasures were, however, found in the tomb itself, including this necklace, described as being of gold, pearls and rubies, or, more probably, carnelians.



SHORTLY LEAVING THE IRISH NATIONAL STUD FOR THE UNITED STATES: THE FAMOUS STALLION TULYAR, SOLD AT THE END OF HIS RACING CAREER BY THE AGA KHAN FOR £250,000.

The winner of the 1952 Derby, the Aga Khan's *Tulyar*, was sold by his owner to the Irish National Stud in 1953 for £250,000. He has now been bought by an American syndicate for £240,000, having sired in Ireland a family, it is claimed, "worth a million."



BEING SOLD TO MEET DEATH DUTIES: KILLARNEY ESTATE, CO. KERRY. SHOWN IN THE PICTURE ARE THE LOWER LAKE AND ROSS CASTLE.

To meet the death duties, 8300 acres of the Killarney Estate are being offered for sale. Miss Beatrice Grosvenor, the owner of the estate, has decided to keep part of it for herself, and the Eire Government are taking steps to safeguard the famous Irish beauty spot.

STATE OCCASIONS; A KILLARNEY SALE, AND OTHER ITEMS OF NEWS.



AT A DINNER GIVEN IN HIS HONOUR IN CAIRO: MR. SHEPILOV, THE SOVIET FOREIGN MINISTER, TALKING TO COLONEL NASSER. On June 16 Mr. Shepilov arrived by air in Cairo to attend the celebrations marking the withdrawal of British troops from Egypt and to hold talks. He received a very warm welcome, especially in the Egyptian Press.



BRITISH FASHIONS IN MOSCOW: A LONDON MODEL AND RUSSIAN SPECTATORS AT ONE OF THE RECENT PRESENTATIONS AT GORKI PARK.

Following the visit to London last year of a buyer from a Leningrad store, British fashions have been shown in Moscow to the public and to store buyers for the past three weeks. Both dresses and models have been greatly admired.



AFTER A TRAGIC ACCIDENT AT WHIPSNADE ZOO: THE FUNERAL OF TONY MURPHY, THE BOY WHO DIED AFTER BEING MAULED BY A LION. A week after being mauled by a lion at Whipsnade Zoo, and following two operations, Tony Murphy died at a hospital in Luton on June 7. His parents were at his bedside, and he had previously received the Last Sacrament and the Pope's blessing.



AFTER BEING INSTALLED AS CHANCELLOR OF THE ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE: FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALEXANDER OF TUNIS IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL. On June 15 Field Marshal Lord Alexander was installed as Chancellor of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. The Order is conferred on those holding, or who have held, high office, or who have rendered valuable service in the Empire or in relation to the foreign affairs of the Empire.



AT SANDHURST FOR THE WESTERN EUROPEAN CADETS' ANNUAL ATHLETICS MEETING: GENERAL GRUENTHER, CHATTING WITH DUTCH CADETS. On June 16 General A. M. Gruenther, Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, paid a visit to the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, where he attended the annual athletics meeting for cadets from military academies in Western Europe.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

TRANSFORMATION SCENES.

By J. C. TREWIN.

BEFORE going to the Phoenix Theatre I read again T. S. Eliot's "The Family Reunion" and found that little of it had remained with me from earlier revivals. I had met it four times; I knew the theme of sin and expiation; Harry's flight from the Furies who turn to the Eumenides; Eliot's use of the Æschylean properties in a modern setting. And yet I could not remember more than a line or so of the verse: odd in a memory that, however deficient in other things, has usually been able to retain verse, the flash-and-quiver of phrase.

This led me to turn up what I had said about other revivals: "When all is over, what remains? Little, I feel, but a sound like lake-water lapping in the reeds; ever the plash and undulation; never the all-conquering surge." To-day, a week after the Phoenix première, memory still holds only a few lines, but the impression is not the same. If there is no conquering drive, there is at least a terrifying urgency that, in a snatch from "Macbeth," "was not so before." This may never be my play—my misfortune, no doubt—but it has come as near to me as, possibly, it ever will, in a production of absolute mastery by Peter Brook, with acting to match.

Mr. Brook puts us in a mood for greatness when the curtain rises. And though that is no word to use of the text, one would not deny it to the production, and, especially, to the performances of Dame Sybil Thorndike—welcomed home from Antipodean adventuring—Paul Scofield, and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies. Dame Sybil, as ever, can work in silence as in speech: she never makes a meaningless gesture, and her very gaze is eloquence. Paul Scofield has a magnificent sombre concentration. This is a haunted man, like Hamlet "most dreadfully attended," and uttering his fears in a voice that is a sable silvered. (Fragments from "Hamlet" come naturally to mind when Scofield is the theme.) Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, the Agatha, has never looked more strangely beautiful or spoken with more judgment. There are several others—Sir Lewis Casson does honour to the doctor—but in my mind those three remain, scorching the imagination; and, with them, those moments when the shapes are seen beyond the tall windows of Wishwood.

The lights fade; fire-glow pulses round the room, filled now with curving, wave-like shadow. The curtains slip back, and outside the windows are dimly visible the pursuing shapes—in any form in which we like to picture them. We are aware of their presence; each onlooker must define them as he wishes. Later in the play, before Harry knows he must "follow the bright angels," light glimmers where all has been grey, as though a moon is shining serenely over the estate and touching the tall, dim forms with silver. Peter Brook has let our imaginations take charge. We see what we want to see. It would be wrong to be more explicit, and Brook is not a director to misjudge an effect.



"IT HAS COME AS NEAR TO ME AS, POSSIBLY, IT EVER WILL, IN A PRODUCTION OF ABSOLUTE MASTERY BY PETER BROOK, WITH ACTING TO MATCH": T. S. ELIOT'S "THE FAMILY REUNION" (PHOENIX), SHOWING HARRY, LORD MONCHENSEY (PAUL SCOFIELD) AND AMY, DOWAGER LADY MONCHENSEY (SYBIL THORNDIKE) IN A SCENE FROM THE PLAY. LEWIS CASSON TAKES THE PART OF DR. WARBURTON.

Photograph by Tony Armstrong Jones.

I came, then, from the Phoenix, feeling that I had observed a transformation; that acting and production had moved me intensely, against my will. The play is not for me—not yet—but I can hardly deny the impact of the night: not that there is any desire to deny it. It is a theatrical experience, and such experiences as this come rarely, "the present moment of pointed light . . . when you stretch out your hand to the flames." Yes; I do remember some lines; but what stays with me is atmosphere, not text.

Neither atmosphere nor text lingers from "To My Love," which has introduced the Spanish actress, Conchita Montes, to the London theatre. Señorita Montes is certainly a personage. She takes the stage with authority. She can command a scene; her emotions can sting. And yet one feels that in this piece she has dispersed her forces unwisely—or, should one say, in the English version of the piece that Hugh Burden has made from Edgar Neville's

"El Baile." The play—in which Señorita Montes presents three ages of women—is a Spanish "Milestones" with a difference. We come from 1900 to the present day. In the first and second acts Señorita Montes acts the same woman at, say, twenty-five and fifty; in the last act she is the dead woman's granddaughter, a Madrid schoolgirl. That is really all there is in the night. The two men, who are the only other characters, are the elder woman Adela's husband and faithful Dobbin-like lover. They have devoted themselves during the years to a passion for Adela and another for entomology, and during the last act they concentrate their love upon the girl Adelita.

It is all very simple, too simple. One drink of water would refresh; but when a dramatist presses water on you through the entire evening, handing you glass after glass with misplaced hospitality, you may get a little tired of the drink. So it is at the Fortune. Señorita Montes cannot do as much as she would wish to help us, because she is in trouble with the language. Dennis Price and Hugh Latimer bumble along agreeably, but I was left with the thought that if the little piece had been left in the original Spanish, we might have seen Señorita Montes acting unhindered. That would have been a memory to bring from the theatre. As it is, we do not get a play, and only half a performance—though something does come through.

Señorita Montes may be versatile, but the cast of "For Amusement Only," which I mentioned briefly in last week's Journal, doubles and redoubles. Here, at the Apollo, is intimate revue often of the most buoyant invention—Peter Myers is the chief librettist—acted by all concerned with a cheerful attack that is good to see. The cast

hits, and hits again, and most of the strokes go home. True, the first half is principally preparation; but the second half has some of the most broadly comic things in London, notably a more-or-less good-tempered slash at amateur operatics. I have seen "The Vagabond Student" (a nice portmanteau-title) so often in stern reality that it was with a cry of incredulous joy that I welcomed its guying on the Apollo stage. Shall I forget Ron Moody as the whispering tenor, so confidential that not a word comes across the gap between stage and stalls? Never, while memory holds a seat in this distracted globe. Ronnie Stevens sings "No Morpheus in the Underground" (that, I assure you, is the title) with a bright-eyed vigour, and such people as Hugh Paddick, Thelma Ruby, and Jimmy Thompson (who knocks the television pianist, Liberace, over the ropes for six) are in the best revue form. I must continue to hold that this form is preferable to the choreographer's approach of "Cranks." One cut I do suggest, and urgently, is the Christopher Robin joke. It was never in good taste (I recall it at a club theatre), and it is still less so immediately after A. A. Milne's death.

Finally, congratulations to Sir Barry Jackson's Birmingham Repertory Theatre on the revival of "Cæsar and Cleopatra" with which, and worthily, it will represent Britain in the International Theatre Festival in Paris. Geoffrey Bayldon and Doreen Aris are exactly right in the title-parts, the Shavius Cæsar (as a critic has called him) who teaches Cleopatra her regal duties, and the kittenish girl-queen herself, not yet in thrall to an Antony. Paul Shelving's sets are beautifully simple, and Douglas Seale has produced with a command that falters only in the discovery of the dead Ftatateeta, something that needs more force. Did not G.B.S. say in a letter to Harcourt Williams years ago: "... Put a mess of rose-pink under her neck, and when Cleopatra, lifting the head, gets her hands into it, let her lift the roof with a scream. Then slam down the curtain. . . ?"

This aside, the production is a most striking success. I feel that G.B.S. would have enjoyed it.



A TENSE MOMENT FROM "THE CAINE MUTINY COURT-MARTIAL" (LONDON HIPPODROME): CAPTAIN QUEEG (LLOYD NOLAN) ROLLS THE STEEL BALLS IN HIS HANDS TO GIVE HIMSELF CONFIDENCE. BACKGROUND (L. TO R.) LIEUT.-COMMANDER CHALLEE (PETER DYNELEV), LIEUTENANT GREENWALD (DAVID KNIGHT) AND LIEUTENANT MARYK (NIGEL STOCK).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"TO MY LOVE" (Fortune).—Conchita Montes, the Spanish actress, in an English version of a small Spanish play (three parts, three periods) that reaches us as tepid. (June 6.)

"THE FAMILY REUNION" (Phoenix).—Magnificent acting by Dame Sybil Thorndike, Paul Scofield, and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies in a Peter Brook production of Eliot's play: a night that triumphs in atmosphere, though one may not be converted to the text. (June 7.)

"SOLITAIRE" (Sadler's Wells).—Another Kenneth MacMillan ballet, with the dictionary definition of "a kind of game for one." Margaret Hill dances well as the principal figure. (June 7.)

"CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA" (Birmingham Repertory).—Shaw's play, splendidly produced by Douglas Seale, will mark the centenary of the dramatist and also represent Britain in the International Festival in Paris. (June 12.)

"ROMEO AND JULIET" (Old Vic).—John Neville and Claire Bloom in an exceptionally elaborate production (Robert Helpmann's) to which I will return next week. (June 12.)

"THE CAINE MUTINY COURT-MARTIAL" (Hippodrome).—I must also leave until next week this absorbing transformation of the Hippodrome stage to a naval court-martial in San Francisco. A superb performance by Lloyd Nolan. (June 13.)



IN THE NEWLY RE-OPENED GALLERIES OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY: "LADY FRANCES FINCH," BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, NOW ON TEMPORARY LOAN FROM THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF VICTORIA, MELBOURNE.

The portrait by Reynolds of Lady Frances Finch, later Countess of Dartmouth, which is on temporary loan to the National Gallery from the Fulton Bequest, Melbourne, who have purchased it for the National Gallery of Victoria, is being shown in the largest of the three rooms devoted to British painting which were re-opened at the National Gallery on June 15. It was last seen in London in 1889 and has been in America since 1900. The re-opening of the six rooms last week is a milestone in the history of the National Gallery. For the first time since the bomb damage, in which one room and the cellar below were completely destroyed, the whole of the main floor except one

gallery, now set aside for the conservation department, is again open to the public. Altogether nine rooms were damaged, and the two others were re-opened last year. The re-opening makes room for another 130 paintings and has involved a rearranging of the entire collection. As certain pictures can only be shown to best advantage in certain positions, and for various other reasons, the arrangement is not simply by schools in chronological order. Most of the repaired galleries have air-conditioning, and this, together with the latest methods of conservation, enables more paintings to be shown without glass.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



EVER since the Lilac Wallflower was introduced to cultivation in this country, some forty-five years ago, it has dithered about—or, I should say, *has been* dithered about, poor soul—between the names *Cheiranthus* and *Erysimum*. Sometimes it has been called *Cheiranthus linifolius*, and at other times *Erysimum linifolium*. One of the latest pronouncements on the matter occurs in the "R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening." There the plant is given as *Erysimum linifolium*, with *Cheiranthus linifolius* as a synonym. Fortunately, quite early in its career, the plant (I almost wrote *Cheirysimum*) acquired the nice, homely, descriptive English name—Lilac Wallflower, and that, thank goodness, appears to have stuck, unaltered.

I take rather a special interest in the Lilac Wallflower, for although I can not claim to have collected and introduced it, I certainly was instrumental in its introduction to English gardens. As far as I can remember, it was about 1910 that the late Cedric Bucknall, musician and botanist, and an uncle of my wife, sent me a little packet of seeds of a plant which he had collected in the neighbourhood of Santander, in Spain. Whether they came labelled *Cheiranthus* or *Erysimum* I can not remember. I handed over these seeds to my then foreman, the late Cecil Davies, at my Six Hills Nursery at Stevenage, with instructions to sow them and grow them, on trial. He sowed them in a pan, but as to growing them on, no. Davies was a wonderful plantsman, and, like most real plantsmen, he had strong likes and violent dislikes where plants were concerned. That pan of seedlings was permitted to stand about the nursery and that was about all. They stood it for the best part of a year, a crowd of weedy, wiry starvelings, until I could stand such brutality no more. I felt that if a distinguished botanist had taken the trouble to collect seeds in Spain and send them to me, the least I could do was to give them a fair chance of proving their garden-worthiness, or otherwise.

I chose the line of least resistance and took the pan home, and planted out a dozen or so of the seedlings in my own private garden. The line of most resistance would, of course, have been to insist on my problem plant being properly grown and tested at the nursery. But although a line of most resistance may seem the bravest course, it is by no means always the wisest.

Anyway, Lilac Wallflower responded to my decision to give it a fair deal. I planted out the starved seedlings in late summer, and long before autumn set in they had grown into bushy, prosperous plants, a foot or more across, 9 ins. high, and covered with innumerable heads of smallish wallflower blossoms, of a pleasant, cool, strong lilac colour. And they went on flowering profusely for the whole of that winter—which happened to be a mild one. It was thus that this charming, easily-grown little plant came into cultivation. And truly it was thanks to its own toughness during its prolonged ordeal of neglect in the seed pan that it hung on until I woke up to its pitiable plight and gave it a chance of survival. It was not long before I began to distribute the Lilac Wallflower from my nursery, at first as young pot-grown plants, and later as seed.

Seed is the more satisfactory way, for *Erysimum linifolium* is not a very long-lived plant. Although, like the ordinary wallflower of gardens, it is

THE LILAC WALLFLOWER.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

capable under certain conditions of becoming a hard-, almost woody-stemmed perennial, as, for instance, when it grows in the decaying mortar in an old wall. In ordinary loamy garden conditions it tends to behave more as a biennial, reproducing itself freely by self-sown seedlings. It is a delightful plant for the rock garden, on old walls, and for clothing any spare open spaces in all sorts of odd corners of the garden, and the seeds may be sown broadcast at almost any time of year and left to take care of themselves, and by sowing

at different times the plants may be had in flower at almost any time except during the hardest winter weather. A few years ago I had a colony of the

Lilac Wallflower growing on a raised bed of almost pure ashes. But eventually, tiring probably of such frugal diet, and resenting the lack of lime, they migrated to a bed of loam immediately below, where they have established a delightful self-supporting colony several yards in extent, through which various bulbs spring up each spring. And that, I would suggest, is a plan worth repeating—a carpet of Lilac Wallflowers as ground cover for spring bulbs.

Among the normal mass of *Erysimum linifolium* in this colony there are four or five specimens of what is obviously a self-appointed hybrid, a cross between the *Erysimum* and some ordinary garden wallflowers which grow in a near-by bed. These hybrids are most attractive, growing about half as tall again as the lilac parent, with flowers twice the size. They open a subtle and very attractive bronze colour and fade to lilac with a faint wash of bronze, and they have inherited some of the delicious wallflower fragrance. A few of these hybrids have cropped up in my garden once or twice before, but I have never watched them to see whether they set seeds or not. I think it probable that they do not, but this year I intend to keep an eye on the plants, to see what they do in this matter. If they do not set seeds, they could probably be increased by cuttings, just as easily as the old *Cheiranthus mutabilis* and *C. Harpur Crewe* are increased. A whole bed of this hybrid would, I feel sure, be very effective. The shot effect of the flower-heads, bronze and bronze-lilac, with a central nest of dark-coloured unopened buds is delightful.

I think, too, that next spring, if I have time, I must try making a few deliberate crosses between the Lilac Wallflower, *Erysimum linifolium*, and several of the named varieties of garden wallflowers, "Fire King," "Blood Red," the golds and the sulphur-yellows, etc. Which of these was the pollen parent of my shot-bronze hybrids I can not say. Nor do I know which of my bees to ask. But I rather suspect that the pollen came from the "Blood Red" wallflower. Unfortunately, the idea of making deliberate crosses occurred to me a week after all my bedded-out wallflowers were pulled up and taken to the compost heap.

I find, to my delight, that I owe my one and only plant of the true *Aquilegia alpina* a profound apology. On two occasions, the last quite recently, I told how the plant had produced promising-looking flower-buds, which, on each occasion, became most revolting-looking muddled green abortions. This year another bud appeared, which has developed into a superb sapphire blossom, as wide-spreading and glorious as any that I have ever seen on the mountain slope at the Col du Lautaret, from which my specimen came, six years ago. A long wait, but well worth while.

I sincerely hope, however, that my solitary *A. alpina* blossom is not—with bees as *agents provocateurs*—contracting *mésalliances* with a colony of hearty forms of *Aquilegia vulgaris* near by. But I know only too well what busy-bodies bees can be, and what wanton rogues most aquilegias are, even the most old-maidish-looking kinds which go by the name of "Grannie Night-Caps."



THE TRUE ALPINE AQUILEGIA—*A. ALPINA*. ON THIS PAGE MR. ELLIOTT APOLOGISES TO HIS "ONE AND ONLY PLANT" OF THIS TEMPERAMENTAL SPECIES. THIS YEAR "ANOTHER BUD APPEARED, WHICH HAS DEVELOPED INTO A SUPERB SAPPHIRE BLOSSOM, AS WIDE-SPREADING AND GLORIOUS AS ANY THAT I HAVE EVER SEEN ON THE MOUNTAIN SLOPE AT THE COL DU LAUTARET."

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

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A FRENCH TRAIN DISASTER; CYPRUS TERRORISM AND RECENT EVENTS IN EGYPT AND ARGENTINA.



A FRENCH TRAIN DISASTER IN WHICH ELEVEN PERSONS WERE KILLED: THE DERAILED COACHES OF THE PARIS-LUXEMBOURG EXPRESS LYING ON THE TRACK AT FISMES.

On the morning of June 14, as the Paris-Luxembourg express was passing through Fismes, about 15 miles west of Rheims, at about 65 m.p.h., the fourth coach left the rails and crashed into a concrete bridge. Other coaches piled up and eleven persons were killed and 146 injured in France's worst railway accident since July 1954.



THE EGYPTIAN FLAG FLYING OVER NAVY HOUSE, PORT SAID, ON JULY 13 AS EGYPTIAN NAVAL RATINGS TOOK OVER.

The last act of the British troops in the Canal Zone, when they withdrew finally from Egypt on June 13, was to hand over Navy House, Port Said, which was the former headquarters of the Canal Zone force.



THE CYPRUS TERRORIST LEADER, GENERAL GRIVAS: IN A PHOTOGRAPH CAPTURED AFTER GRIVAS'S NARROW ESCAPE.

On June 17 two bombs were tossed in through the open door of a restaurant in Nicosia, killing a U.S. Vice-Consul, Mr. W. Boteler, and injuring three other Americans dining with him. During a large and successful operation in the Troodos Mountains, a number of "hard-core" terrorists were captured with their arms and stores; and the EOKA leader, General Grivas, escaped by the skin of his teeth, leaving behind clothes and equipment.



THE FIRST AMERICAN TO BE KILLED BY CYPRUS TERRORISTS: MR. WILLIAM BOTELER, A U.S. VICE-CONSUL, WHO WAS KILLED BY A BOMB IN A NICOSIA RESTAURANT.



PARACHUTE TROOPS FIRING MORTARS AGAINST TERRORISTS DURING THE OPERATIONS, IN WHICH A COMPLETE GANG WAS ROUNDED-UP.



PRESIDENT ARAMBURU (LEFT), THE PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT OF ARGENTINA—WHOSE REGIME WITHSTOOD A PERONISTA RISING ON JUNE 9—SWEARING-IN THE NEW MINISTER OF COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY.



PART OF A LARGE CROWD GATHERED OUTSIDE GOVERNMENT HOUSE TO HEAR PRESIDENT ARAMBURU DECLARE IN A SPEECH THAT THE PERONISTA REVOLT HAD FAILED.

On the night of June 9-10, a large-scale Peronista revolt broke out in Argentina, the rebels numbering about 4000. After some initial successes in various parts of the country, the revolt was firmly put down mainly by the Vice-President, Rear-Admiral Rojas, President Aramburu being at the time absent from the capital.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

"A Charmed Life," by Mary McCarthy (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 15s.), is so dazzling—almost to intimidation-point—that it requires firmness to sum up her new book as a brilliant failure; all the more if one has enjoyed a great deal of it extremely. The writer's American critics sound too intimidated; they refer to her "sunny, savage indignation," her "icily honest" eye, her "glacial" wit. . . . To me there was nothing savage or glacial in the atmosphere; as for the devastating, or if you like, "lethal" quality, I should call it highly agreeable and entertaining. It is the plot that lets one down with a bump.

The setting is New Leeds—"literally, the sea-coast of Bohemia. Everyone in New Leeds is vaguely "artistic."

No one has quite been heard of, or is ever likely to be. And hardly anyone does anything; they don't even keep house, or take care of their children, or open a tin more than they can help. The whole village is "relentlessly running down, buckling, warping, mildewing." In New Leeds, you can't get anything repaired. You can't take a drink without "wondering whether you may become an alcoholic." Alcoholism and remarriage, and grotesque, though only near-fatal mishaps are common form. And no one can be funnier about all this than Martha Sinnott, who escaped seven years ago. Miles Murphy pushed her out in her nightgown—to her immense relief, for it could be construed as permission to go away. So she went away with John Sinnott. She and John are romantic, aspiring souls, perfectly mated. Both of them hold New Leeds in horror—yet now they have fixed on it as the scene of a "better life." Why have they? Partly to show off—to show how "different" they are (which is a common delusion in New Leeds). Partly because the Coes tempted them, from a desire for drama. But chiefly because open-mindedness, or rational imbecility, is the disease of the age. "Nobody will admit to knowing anything, until it's been proved." The Sinnotts can't prove they should keep away from Miles. . . .

At first the tale is all sparkle, and the predicaments seem a joke. Later on it evolves real tension, and an appearance of structure and inevitability. And then, instead of working it out, the writer brings down a chopper on it. Which just won't do—in spite of fireworks, and of successes like Warren Coe, the touching simpleton, and Miles the intellectual brute.

OTHER FICTION.

"Tender Victory," by Taylor Caldwell (Collins; 16s.), has none of the merits of "A Charmed Life," and all the other ones. It is a terrific story: a real, egregious, big-drum, happy-ending story. Indeed, it has happy endings all the way through. Johnny Fletcher, a young, dark-eyed parson-saint, has returned from Europe with five adopted children—wreckage of the war, whom he saved from massacre as "wolf children." So his intending parishioners won't have him; all he can get is a miserable little niche in a squalid Pennsylvanian coal town. And here too, Evil is rampant. Nobody wants "foreign" brats. Johnny is reviled, mobbed, slandered in the wicked newspaper, persecuted by a clique of crypto-Communists and psychiatrists. . . . But everything is always rapidly coming right. His little yahoos become model children. Cynics and persecutors are converted. When Johnny sticks out for a miracle, he gets it. Things would really be too easy, if there were not ever-fresh conspiracies cooking up. Even so, within the year he is living in luxury in a new parsonage, worshipped by all, and with a romantic heiress as his bride. Fine, full-blooded, unabashed story-telling, which should delight multitudes.

"The Prince and Petronella," by John Brophy (Chatto and Windus; 8s. 6d.), is the purest froth. It is about the tiny Mediterranean sea of San Soucy, in which "the Bank means not only the Casino but the State Exchequer." And now the worst has happened; an Australian millionaire has broken the Bank. The nation is cleaned out. The Regent declines to put himself up to auction in America; he is too romantic. Instead, he decrees dustbin salvage—thus falling foul of the mysterious troglodyte, "Count Peter," who is romance in person. . . . A neat frolic, by one of our most versatile entertainers.

"Diamonds Are Forever," by Ian Fleming (Cape; 12s. 6d.), might almost be described as a super-de-luxe crook's tour of the American way of life. James Bond smuggles himself into a diamond smuggling "pipeline" with a lovely girl-crook as escort . . . and so on. The ideas are clichés; they come up in scores of thrillers. But here they seem to be cut in a different substance—hard, polished, luxurious and scintillating; it is like the difference between quartz and gem in "M's" object-lesson. We get a bonus race-meeting and mud-baths act at Saratoga Springs, as well as the Las Vegas "gambling-cages," which are more to the point, and Spectreville, which is the head crook's own "ghost town," and the culmination-scene. We have it on good authority—I mean American—that the whole American picture is dead right. And yet it has an extra brilliance and singularity, as a foreign picture.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

TWO EMINENT VICTORIANS; KASHMIR, AND THE INCAS.

IT is astonishing to think that one incautious phrase could have ruined and embittered a great man's life. But as Mr. Anstruther reveals in "I Presume: Stanley's Triumph and Disaster" (Bles; 18s.), the phrase "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?", for which H. M. Stanley is chiefly remembered, turned him into a savage misanthrope. As Mr. Anstruther also says, Stanley's first great journey of exploration—to find Dr. Livingstone—was only the first of those journeys and by no means the most important. It, and its repercussions, form the main theme of Mr. Anstruther's most interesting book. The journey was undertaken at the instance of the ruthless young American newspaper tycoon, James Gordon Bennett, Jr., the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, then the most enterprising forerunner of the world's Yellow Press.

Both Bennett and Stanley were at that time young men—in their twenty-ninth years—and shared a remarkable energy and ruthlessness. Stanley was, in fact, the illegitimate son of a Welsh farmer and for the first eighteen unhappy years of his life, until he emigrated to the United States, was known as John Rowland. His poverty, his unhappiness and his illegitimacy, all combined to give him one of the most spectacular inferiority complexes of Victorian times. In the United States Stanley, who fought on both sides in the American Civil War, endeavoured to forget his Welsh origin, and, indeed, it was his foolish public denial of the fact that he was anything but an American, of which his enemies made much in the controversies which followed his Livingstone journey. When in 1871 the world began to be concerned about the fate of Dr. Livingstone, from whom nothing had been heard for a considerable time, Bennett, whose nose for news was the secret of his success, had already despatched Stanley to East Africa to look for the famous missionary-explorer. The story of his march to Tabora and Ujiji is still an exciting one. Its most remarkable feature, exceeding even the triumphant overcoming of physical difficulties, the inadequacies of his two European lieutenants (both of whom ultimately died), and the hostility of the native tribes on the way, lies in its speed. Indeed, this was one of the factors which caused the experienced explorers of the Geographical Society (with whom Stanley waged a bitter battle) to cast doubts on the authenticity of the whole journey. The meeting with Livingstone must have been a moving occasion. Indeed, Stanley accounted for his stilted phrase by his need to conceal the emotion which he felt. Between the two men, despite their disparity of ages, there grew up a close and affectionate friendship, a friendship which may well have inspired Stanley to succeed in his later and greatest task (which does not come within the scope of this book) of continuing Livingstone's work and exploring the Congo Basin. But the event which made him world-famous was the single phrase (which became a music-hall joke) to turn his triumph into personal disaster. With his outsize chip on his shoulder, the doubts cast on his achievements by the Geographical Society, the facetiousness of admiring friends who would meet him with outstretched hands and the greeting: "Mr. Stanley, I presume?" drove him to a state of the wildest fury and bitterness. Life was never the same again for Stanley, in spite of the knighthood and the recognition which came to him. Even in the evening of his days, nobody could mention those four fatal words without rousing Sir Henry's bitter wrath. An admirably written, interesting and sad book.

For the admirers of Robert Louis Stevenson "Our Samoan Adventure," edited by Charles Neider (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 21s.), will provide a rare treat. It tells the story of the last four years of R.L.S.'s life with his American wife Fanny on the South Sea Island of Samoa. Fanny, who hitherto has always seemed to me to be a trifle intimidating, appears as the possessor of a delightful sense of humour. The Stevensons got closely identified with native politics, and there is a graphic description of a native war, and their Samoan friends' genial habit of decapitating their enemies. The diary was found by Mr. Neider in a Californian museum. Incidentally, in my ignorance, I had always supposed that R.L.S. had died of tuberculosis. In fact, as Fanny Stevenson records, he died of a cerebral haemorrhage.

Kashmir, that delectable land which Kipling dreamt of as the home of a new white Dominion, remains one of the potential dangers to peace in the East. Lord Birdwood, in his study "Two Nations and Kashmir" (Hale; 21s.), provides a sound and objective study of the present situation, and of the reasons which have brought it into being. I am not sure that his conclusions will be wholly liked by either India or Pakistan, but for students of international affairs this book will provide a valuable addition to their knowledge.

The other side of the world is the setting for "Inca Adventure," by Bertrand Flornoy (George Allen and Unwin; 21s.). This is an attempt, which succeeds, to bring to life the civilisation of the Incas. The book is extremely interesting and the illustrations, which consist both of photographs and of drawings from the Conquistadores, add greatly to it.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

AMONG the most fascinating games in chess are those in which a queen, most powerful of pieces, is trapped in mid-board. The classic example is from a Swiss postal game played in 1938:

KRAUS White	COSTIN Black	KRAUS White	COSTIN Black
1. P-Q4	P-QB4	5. Kt-B3	P-Q3
2. P×P	Q-R4ch	6. Kt-Q5	Kt-K2?
3. Kt-QB3	Q×BP	7. P-QKt4	Resigns
4. P-K4	P-K4		

Black's queen has no square immune from capture, either directly or through a fork or pin (7. . . . Q-B3; 8. B-QKt5!).

That was short and (for White!) sweet. Here is a game played in Prague a few weeks ago, in which White's queen flounders about for some ten moves, on a reasonably empty board but always in duress, finally to succumb:

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

STULIK White	GROMEK Black	STULIK White	GROMEK Black
1. P-K4	P-QB4	5. P-B3	Kt-B3
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	6. R-K1	P-K4
3. B-Kt5	P-Q3	7. P-Q4	Q-B2
4. Castles	B-Q2	8. QKt-Q2	B-K2

The first curious feature of this game: the opening has changed, in unusual fashion, from a Sicilian to a Ruy Lopez.

9. Kt-B1	Castles (K)	13. B-B2	B-Kt5
10. B-Kt5	P-QR3	14. P-Q5	Kt-Q1
11. B-QR4	P-QKt4	15. P-KR3	B-Q2
12. B-Kt3	P-B5		

Black could not win a pawn by 15. . . . B×Kt; 16. Q×B, Kt×QP because of the reply 17. P×Kt, B×B; 18. Q-B5 threatening mate.

16. Kt(B3)-R2	Kt×QP	17. Q×Kt	B×B
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They're off!

18. Q×R	B-B3	19. Q×P	Kt-K3
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Threatening to win the queen by 21. . . . R-R1.

20. Q-R3	R-R1	21. Q-Kt4	B-K2
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Threatening 22. . . . P-Q4.

22. Kt-K3!	P-Q4	23. Kt×P	
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White preserves his queen *pro tem* at the relatively cheap price of a piece; but after Black's next, she still remains trapped. A better way was 23. Q×B, Q×Q; 24. P×P with adequate return for the queen.

23. . . .	B×Kt	25. Kt-Kt4?	
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Better 25. P-QKt4.

25. . . .	R-R4	27. P-Kt4	B-B3
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26. Q-K8ch	Kt-B1	28. Q×B(B6)	Q×Q
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The chase is over. But, like a tiger-hunt which has taken a disastrous turn, the spoils have cost too much: namely two rooks and a pawn. The imaginative player of the black pieces is condemned to a hopeless uphill fight for the rest of the game.

29. P×R	Q-Kt4	45. P-R4	B-B8
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30. P-R6	Q×P	46. P-B3	Q-KR2
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31. P-QR4	Q-R4	47. P-KR5ch	K-Kt4
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32. Kt-K3	B-B4	48. P-QR5	Q-Q2
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33. Kt-Q5	P-Kt4	49. R-Kt1	B-R6
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34. R(R1)-Kt1	Kt-K3	50. R-Kt8	B-B4
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35. P-Kt3	P-R4	51. P-R6	Q-Q3
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36. K-Kt2	B-R6	52. R-KKt8ch	K-R3
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37. R-Kt5	Q-R2	53. R-Kt6ch	K-R2
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38. Kt-B6ch	K-Kt2	54. P-Kt5	Q×RP
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39. Kt×Pch	K-Kt3	55. P×P	Q-R8
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40. B-Q1	Kt-B4	56. K-R2	Q×P
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41. P-Kt4	Kt-Q6	57. R-Kt7ch	K-R3
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42. R-K2	P-B3	58. B-Q1	Q-Q6
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43. B-B2	Kt-B5ch	59. R(K2)-KKt2	B-B7
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44. Kt×Kt	KtP×Kt		
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Sad, but after 59. . . . Q×B; 60. R-Kt8 would force mate.

60. R×B	Q×B	62. K-Kt2	
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61. R-Kt8	Q-K8		
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Black lost by exceeding the time limit. He has no resource against the threat of 63. P-B7 and 64. P-B8 (Q).

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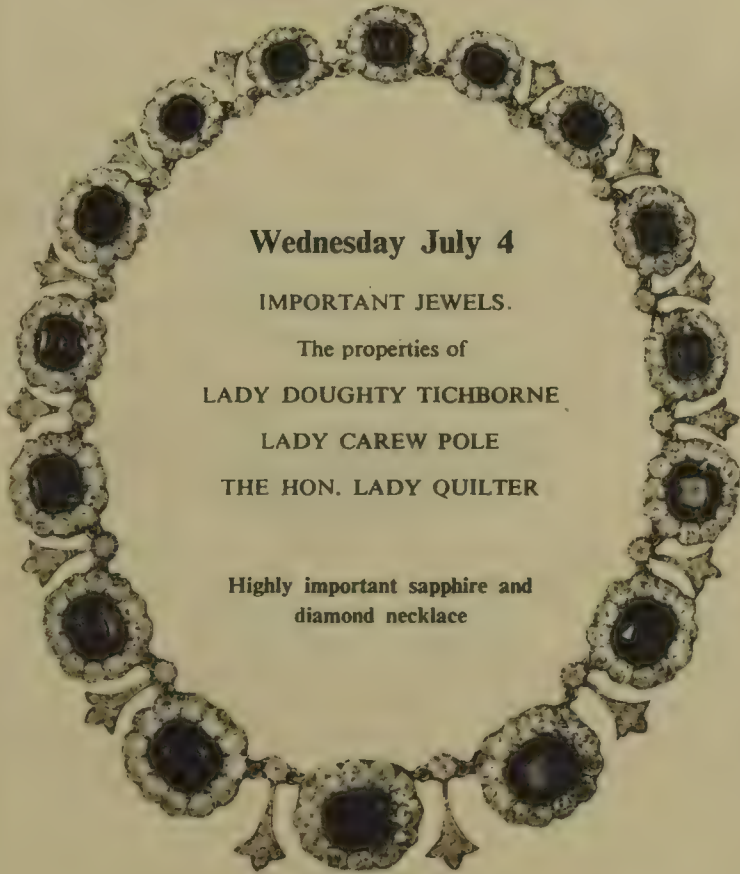
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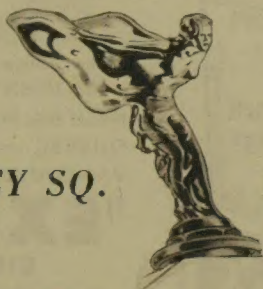


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